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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE defences of Bilbao have at last been beaten down by a weight of artillery and German air forces greater than anything against which the Government troops have yet had to contend elsewhere in Spain. On Thursday Franco's Italian infantry had not entered the city; a large part of the civilian population had been successfully evacuated and the Basque troops were apparently falling back on Santander. Our correspondent who has just returned from Bilbao gives first-hand evidence that the attacking troops are largely Italian and the aeroplanes German. It is not then surprising that Hitler and Mussolini express their willingness to return to a Non-Intervention Committee which successfully prevents help going to the Spanish Government, but which is blind to a continuous supply of tanks, guns and aeroplanes to the rebels. The moment is apparently considered propitious for friendly gestures to Germany. On the invitation of H.M. Government, Baron von Neurath is visiting London to "exchange views on matters of common interest and particularly the Spanish problem." What views on mass murder can be held in Britain that need this personal touch and which could not be better expressed in a clear statement that Britain has nothing to discuss until the Fascist Powers have ceased to intervene in Spain?

The Front Populaire in Jeopardy

At one time on Tuesday night it looked as if M. Blum's administration would fall as a result of the Communists' refusal to give the Government powers which might be used to impose taxes on consumption. The Communist Party, however, although said to have orders from Moscow to kill Blum in order to make Herriot king, repented at the last minute and the Government secured in the Chamber a majority of ninety-nine votes in favour of a motion authorising them to take by decree any "measures necessary for the recovery of the public finances, as well as for the protection of the currency." For the moment, the Front Populaire holds; unless the Senate takes the extreme step of throwing out the motion, M. Blum will get his emergency powers. But what then? The Government's strength lies in the fact that there is no Left-Centre group powerful enough to be the nucleus of a stable alternative administration. Their dilemma, however, is how to preserve the essentials of the New Deal—the 40-hour week, holidays with pay, and so on—and at the same time conciliate "capital." Unless French capitalists, antagonised and frightened by the Front Populaire's social programme, can be persuaded (coercion is hardly practicable) to repatriate "flight" funds and invest in Treasury loans and industrial enterprises alike, there will be no real economic recovery in France, and hence no budgetary equilibrium, no matter what taxes are imposed. It would be politically impossible for M. Blum to reverse his social legislation; a further dose of franc devaluation would probably give no more than a temporary stimulus to industry. The Government may have to choose between surrendering to the bankers on issues of vital principle or proceeding farther along the road of the suppression of capitalism in France.

Imperial Platitudes

The labours of the Imperial Conference have ended in a report compact of amiable generalities. In the economic field, "stimulation of international trade" is suitably commended as the Commonwealth's general aim, but there is a signal lack of concrete proposals. No agreement appears to have been reached on the question of a trade pact with the United States; no word is said about the Ottawa tariff basis or future treatment of the most-favoured-nation clause; there is a notable omission of any agreed statement of monetary policy. The Conference concentrated on issues of defence and foreign policy; but even here there is little evidence of purposeful unanimity. There are hints of intended "co-operation" in the supply of munitions, materials and foodstuffs and in the co-ordination of communications; but the "special interests" of the various Dominions are plainly far from identical. Nor does any distinct Commonwealth policy emerge in foreign affairs. The aims of the League are approved, notably in the sphere of conciliation; the idea of regional agreements is noted and welcomed; the separation of the Covenant from the Peace Treaties is recommended; and the conception of a world divided by warring ideologies is politely deprecated. The report represents unmistakably a compromise among a wide variety of views. It will not greatly enlighten either members of the Commonwealth or foreign nations anxious for a clarification of Imperial policy.

Economic Nationalism in Japan

Japanese competition in the export market is likely to be intensified in the near future under the "Five Year Plan" announced by the new Government. Drawn up by the Army, the plan is clearly designed to enable Japan to continue her purchases of war materials on the extensive scale of the past year. These purchases have resulted this year in the rapid increase of the adverse balance of payments, which has reached about £35,000,000 for the first half of the year, and has had to be settled in part by the export of gold. As the Army refuses to limit its demands for further imports of war material, the only resource is to force more exports on the world market in order to pay for them. This in turn involves increased imports of raw materials; for Japan has largely to buy abroad the materials for her export trades. In view of this need, the Government proposes to control the importation of commodities not regarded as essential to the success of the plan. In effect, this means that Japan is resorting to a more stringent regulation of foreign trade, just at the moment when there is elsewhere a strong movement for the relaxation of restrictions. Thus we see again how the control of trade follows in the wake of rearmament; for if military demands for imports are allowed to take precedence over civilian needs, control becomes indispensable unless adverse balances are settled in gold or redressed by currency depreciation.

The Labour Struggle in America

The American situation has got to look a good deal uglier during the past few days. The big independent steel firms are still proclaiming that on no condition will they ever sign collective agreements with the Steel Workers' Organising Committee of the C.I.O.; and there have been serious battles between strikers and emergency police in several areas in which the works have been stopped, and are now occupied by "loyal" workers and virtually besieged by the pickets of the C.I.O. The coal industry seems likely to become seriously involved if the dispute continues; Mr. Lewis is endeavouring to stop coal supplies from reaching the plants which are still producing in spite of the strike. The Union attached to the American Federation of Labour are intensifying their campaign against the C.I.O.; and adherents of the rival centres have come to blows in several areas. Meanwhile, the Administration seems in no hurry to make a decisive move. The legality of the action of one of the big steel firms in refusing to bargain collectively is now being tested in the Courts; and presumably the outcome in this case will influence the attitude of the remainder. But for the moment the steel employers show no sign of giving way, despite the validation of the Wagner Act. The C.I.O. has become involved in the most serious battle of its history—one which it can by no means afford to lose. If it is beaten by the "independents" in the steel industry its victories over General Motors and United Steel can hardly stand.

N.D.C. (Mark II)

In its revised form the National Defence Contribution now specifically limited to five years of operation, has the merits and defects of extreme simplicity. No attempt is made to tax the windfall profits of rearmament, as such; no distinction is made between high and low rates of profit; calculations of "capital," which the City disliked intensely as providing a basis for a capital levy, have been excluded altogether from the new scheme. The tax takes the form of a flat charge of 5 per cent. on company profits of over £2,000 a year. Private firms will pay at the rate of 4 per cent.; professional earnings are excluded, and so are public utilities, such as gas (and presumably railway) companies, whose selling prices and dividends are regulated by statute. Profits of less than £12,000 a year will be subject to graduated abatements before the tax is assessed, and sums paid under N.D.C. will be deducted from profits liable to income tax. The yield is estimated at £25,000,000 in a full year; but it is not clear whether this is the gross or net figure, i.e. after loss of income tax revenue is allowed for. The revised tax is less anomalous in its incidence than the original N.D.C. and will doubtless have a fairly easy passage through the House. Its chief drawback is that it will fall without distinction on rich and poor holders of ordinary shares, since interest and dividends on debentures and preference shares will be immune. A special graduated sur-tax on all unearned income derived from investment would have been fairer.

The Curse of Education

There was a good debate in the Commons on Monday on the Board of Education vote. Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, who was making his début as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board, defended his position with skill and verve. It wanted some audacity, though, to claim, as he did, that during the past year there had been progress in almost every department of education. If there has, it has been a decidedly halting progress in several departments, and Mr. Lindsay himself admitted as much. There are, for example, far too many "black list" schools in use, far too few nursery schools, and the reorganisation of rural schools lags badly. Opposition speakers vigorously attacked the evils of homework and examinations; and Mr. Lees-Smith insisted that there would be no escape from the mischief of excessive competition in the schools until the principles of the Hadow Report were properly carried out. He charged London University with blocking the whole process of reform with its Matriculation. That annoyed Sir Ernest Graham-Little, the Member for the University; but the charge is true, and Mr. Lees-Smith's criticisms have a great body of support in the House as well as in the country. It is only fair to the Board of Education to say that they cannot dictate to or exercise compulsion on the Universities.

The Factories Bill

Sir Ernest Benn, at a public luncheon the other day, made a characteristic onslaught on the Factories Bill. This measure, he is reported as saying, "had no excuse except for a touch of conscience on the part of some M.P.s who felt that they had to earn their £600 a year. Only when the business classes once more asserted themselves would life in general be happy, contented and useful." Well, well! We should have thought the "business classes" (as understood by Sir Ernest) had done their bit to impede factory reform. The Bill has emerged from its long struggle in Committee and is being debated, as we write, in Report stage. Some improvements on the original draft have been secured, and it is possible that a little more of value may yet be got. A new clause, which was moved by the Home Secretary on Tuesday, limiting (in favour of employers) the provision of washing facilities, was assailed from both sides of the House and had to be withdrawn. But the Bill remains a timid measure. It falls short, in several very important points, of what is demanded not merely by ardent reformers, but by humane and sensible industrialists. There is to be a reduction of the legal working hours of young persons under sixteen to 44 per week. But they ought to have been 40 and no more. And it is deplorable that overtime, even under conditions and limited in amount, should be permitted for juveniles. Or are we to regard this as a method of making "life in general happy, contented and useful"?

Mr. Bevin and the Busmen

The Transport Workers' Executive, having taken matters out of the hands of the Busmen's Committee, has lost no time in coming to terms with the L.P.T.B. The new agreement appears to go some way towards meeting the men's grievances, but of course without conceding the major claim for shorter hours which led to the strike. Further consideration of this appears to be put off till after the promised investigation into the busmen's working conditions from the standpoint of health and fatigue; and there is still no news of the form which this investigation is to take. The agreement would obviously not be likely to secure the endorsement of the busmen themselves; and the Executive of the Union has accepted it outright without any ballot or consultation with the busmen's leaders, who are still suspended from their positions as representatives of the men. Mr. Bevin accompanied the publication of the terms with a statement ordering obedience to them, and refusing the protection of the Union to anyone who might get into trouble for not honouring them. The busmen's leaders, for their part, have been calling unofficial meetings of protest against the Executive's action; but, with Mr. Bevin obviously in fighting mood, it is not easy for them to know how to act. The last thing they want is to break away from the Union or to find themselves excluded from it; and Mr. Bevin looks as if he would prefer a secession to giving way even an inch. The outcome will probably depend on how the new agreement works in practice. If it is found to carry real improvements in conditions, Mr. Bevin will be able to break the opposition. If it is not, there will be further trouble.

Japan as Dope Merchant

The deliberations of the League's Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium, which has just finished its session at Geneva, have revealed an appalling state of affairs in the Far East. There is an enormous growth of the trade in these noxious drugs; not only are the Orientals doping themselves more heavily, but they are pushing their narcotics steadily into North America, Egypt and Europe. Mr. Fuller, of the U.S.A., and Russell Pasha, the Egyptian representative, showed that, while the Chinese are doing their best to check the mischief, Japan is deliberately stimulating it—and making a handsome profit out of the trade. Russell Pasha declared that "90 per cent. of all the illicit white drugs of the world were of Japanese origin, manufactured in the Japanese Concession of Tientsin, around Tientsin, in or round Dairen or in other cities of Manchuria, Jehol and China, and this always by Japanese or under Japanese supervision." This is concealed in practice, because most of the narcotics which are intercepted bear a mark of Chinese origin. The reason for that is simple: the Japanese laws do not allow the export of drugs from Japan, and the poison is therefore shipped to foreign ports, via Shanghai and, in some cases, direct from Tientsin. Mr. Yokoyama, the Japanese delegate, protested that the charges were greatly exaggerated. But the evidence is authoritative and overwhelming, and the representatives of other countries supported Mr. Fuller and Russell Pasha and voiced the general alarm. It was reported early this week that the Japanese police had raided drug centres in Tientsin, and this, we hope, is a sign that the Government is shaken by the revelations at Geneva.

Next week's NEW STATESMAN & NATION will be a Summer Reading Number. It will contain three unpublished poems by Lytton Strachey. There will also be articles and reviews by Bertrand Russell, Elizabeth Bowen, Clive Bell, Leonard Woolf, J. M. Hone, Robert Byron, K. John, C. E. M. Joad, Roger Fulford and Brian Howard.

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THE EUROPEAN NIGHTMARE

THE latest batch of executions in Russia is likely to have far more serious international repercussions than any that have preceded them. Those who look to the U.S.S.R. for military assistance are not much perturbed when old revolutionaries are put out of the way, and may shrug their shoulders at the execution of officials and industrialists. But when eight of the foremost military experts in the U.S.S.R. are put to death at one stroke serious misgivings inevitably arise about the stability of the regime and the reliability of the Russian war machine.

Various explanations of the executions are given. First we have the official Soviet view that these eight senior Russian generals have been supplying information to the Fascist enemies of Russia, and have used their high positions to arrange for the betrayal of their country. This may be true, but it is not easy to understand. These men would seem to have had everything they could have hoped for—high position, respect, power and the opportunity of organising a great war machine. Why should they have wished for the defeat of Russia and the success of her enemies? If, however, we accept this explanation, the conclusion follows that the conspiracy against Stalin must be no little hole and corner affair, as we were told it was when Radek and his friends were tried, but a widespread disaffection penetrating even the military machine, which was always said to be, above everything else in Russia, loyal and efficient.

Some newspapers, scouting the possibility of treachery from the Army chiefs, explain the executions in terms of Tacitus, comparing Stalin with the Emperor Tiberius and attributing the executions to the morbid suspicions of a tyrant's diseased mind. The third explanation, which seems to us at least equally unlikely, finds credence among those who have listened for some time to the rumours of a possible Russian-German *rapprochement* and who conclude that these officers, generally believed to be the leaders of the most vigorous anti-Nazi policy in the U.S.S.R., have been put out of the way in order to facilitate a Russian-German agreement. For ourselves, we are content to wait for further evidence, regretting only that the long series of trials which have succeeded one another during the last twelve months, prove the existence of a fierce struggle for power within the Communist Party—a struggle which may be based partly on personal rivalry and partly on political disagreement. It is now impossible for an outsider to discover from these trials whether a man has been shot because he has been a saboteur or a spy, or merely because he is guilty of political disagreement with Stalin. A man who wrecks a railway, a factory manager who fails to produce his expected quota, a petty thief who robs the till, and a sincere Communist who urges a more drastic intervention in Spain—all of these, it seems, may be alike called Trotskyites. The inevitable result is widespread suspicion, insecurity and terror; some must have been imprisoned or shot who were not guilty of anything worse than a critical attitude, while others who have gone to their deaths would have been treated as traitors or gangsters under any political system.

Whatever the explanation of the executions, the effects must be serious. In a few months the solid work of years has been undone. The Franco-Soviet pact came into existence because M. Herriot and M. Cot were able to convince their political colleagues of the power of the Russian military machine, and especially of the Russian air force; France, confronted with an arming Germany, and unable to find security in the hesitating support of Great Britain, allied herself with Russia and so built up in the east of Europe a new counterpoise to take the place of the tottering system of alliances founded at Versailles. The British Government has always chafed at the Franco-Soviet pact, and it was only Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland which led to its ratification in the French Senate, and to the close military co-operation between Britain and France which now, in spite of the Franco-Soviet pact, exists on the Western front. Ceaseless efforts have been made from this country, as well as from Germany, to divide France and Russia. These efforts to-day have far more chance of success; the executions strengthen the position of all those who wish to isolate Russia and to make friends with Nazi Germany. Baron von Neurath's visit to England could scarcely be paid at a moment more favourable to Hitler. Now, it is suggested, is the time for an understanding with Germany on a bilateral basis if France still hesitates to renounce her Russian connection. Hitler may be told that Britain is disinterested about any Eastern project that he has in mind; he may possibly, so rumour has it, take some steps to "liberalise" his regime, undertaking, for instance, to persecute the Jews with somewhat reduced savagery (which would please the British public) and promising not to intervene further in Spain, which would mean nothing while he continues to send all the aeroplanes that he judges necessary for Franco's victory. From the British point of view, the substance of any such agreement would be an understanding that Hitler will not fall into the temptation of supporting Mussolini's ambition at the expense of Great Britain in the Mediterranean. By these means the British Government would finally destroy the idea of "collective security" and, while still declaring its fidelity to the League, boast that Britain has no commitments except to guarantee the Western front of Europe and to safeguard the Empire all over the world. This is the picture presented at the Imperial Conference, but not, it should be added, accepted by all the Dominions—a picture of friendship with Germany; a military alliance, on the Western front only, with France; diplomatic opposition to Mussolini; a division of spoils in the East with Japan, and a scheme of isolated Imperial self-defence.

Well, why not? says the Briton in the street, now sceptical about any policy and fearful of anything that sounds like a commitment. The answer is that this talked of isolation is not, and, for anyone but a pacifist and anti-Imperialist, cannot be, sincerely meant. An obligation in the West involves in many circumstances a practical obligation to fight even if Germany's initial attack begins in the East. If, as many observers now think probable, Germany next proceeds to attempt the destruction of Czechoslovak independence by an internal *coup d'état* on the model set by General Franco in Spain, it would be a delusion to imagine that the West would not be involved as well as the East. M. Blum has declared that he would regard an attack on Czechoslovakia as he would an attack on

France, and if France were involved Britain would also be involved. Even if in this case another "committee of non-intervention" were set up and the Czechs sacrificed as Spain has been sacrificed, for how long would that buy peace? The French, with history closer to them, say "After Sadowa, Sedan," and we should have to search far to find a British Imperialist who would think it possible to have a German hegemony of Europe without an Anglo-German rivalry leading to war. No basis of real agreement exists to-day; it can only exist within a League framework which provides for economic co-operation, the peaceful adjustment of disputes and the forceable restraint of the aggressor.

To-day there is no quarter of the world in which war can break out without involving the interests of British capital, and it is a delusion to think that an armed Empire can avoid entanglement in great disputes or that it can defend itself in isolation. To-day British diplomacy amounts to little except a deplorable bargaining for the false friendship of Fascist dictators. A few months ago Germany was regarded as the real danger; Mussolini, unsatisfied by the conquest of Abyssinia, was to be bought off by a Mediterranean pact. Double-crossed by Mussolini, who continued to intervene in Spain, we went back to regarding Italy as the danger and now we are considering an agreement with Hitler. The Foreign Office seems not easily to learn the nature of these dictatorships. There was only one way of keeping the peace and only one way incidentally of looking after the British Empire: it was the way of the League Covenant which involved being ready to give up our sovereign imperial right to do what seemed at the moment the most advantageous thing and to stand for the principle of pooling force and putting force behind the law. Having given up that principle we find ourselves compounding the ghastly gangsterism of Franco and his allies in Spain; we find ourselves kowtowing to Hitler and laughed at by Mussolini; we find ourselves arming frantically for a future which contains no prospect except war. We too shall then be engaging in those acts of barbarism which when they occur in Spain our statesmen are, no doubt, sincere in deploring.

HITLER OVER BILBAO

[This article reaches us from a special correspondent who has been in Bilbao during the last three weeks. He left Bilbao on Sunday last.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE battle for Bilbao was fought in London. In Bilbao itself we felt peculiarly helpless. There was the Line, the Iron Belt, the "Centuron," but whether that held everyone felt did not depend primarily upon the Basque defence, but upon the forces that Germany and Italy would be allowed to bring to Spain.

In Bilbao one could watch day by day the slow strangulation of the Basque Republic, not by General Franco's troops but by the Non-Intervention Committee in London. Since the sinking of the rebel battleship *España* it would have been quite possible to bring in arms from abroad by sea; and, indeed, while I was there a small Spanish Government ship did manage to slip through from Valencia with a cargo of anti-aircraft guns. Up to that date there was for the defence of the town of Bilbao one anti-aircraft gun—not one battery, just one gun—and even that was quite out of date and always breaking down. Five or six modern anti-aircraft guns might not have prevented Bilbao being bombed, but they would at least have kept the rebel planes at a height; they would at least have prevented them from swooping down and machine-gunning the civil population, and it was the machine-gunning that probably caused the most casualties among women and children. When caught by a machine-gunning plane, if you keep absolutely still—hiding, if possible, in the shadow—you will almost certainly escape. But to teach this to old peasant women and children is difficult, and once you start running the chances are small. "My orders," a captured German pilot told me, "were to machine-gun anything moving." The few foreign anti-aircraft guns which would at least have saved us from machine-gunning were kept out, not by Franco's fleet, but by the Non-Intervention Committee in London.

Better, of course, than anti-aircraft guns would have been chaser planes. The difficulty here was that though bombers could fly to Bilbao from Government territory it was almost too far for chasers. As soon as they came down they had to refuel, and without anti-aircraft guns there was no way of protecting them on the ground. Despite all this some planes did arrive from Valencia, and more could have been got except that, from the military point of view, it was useless to dispatch planes unless a force of similar proportions to the rebel fleet could be sent at one time.

It was just this that could not be done. The rebels had unlimited numbers. At first we would not believe that there could be so many. When, towards the end of May, a prisoner told us that he had himself counted 144 chasers and bombers at Vittoria airport, no one believed him. Government information was that when the control system was imposed the rebel air force, though large, was not anything like large enough to allow this huge concentration at one aerodrome. Now, after having witnessed the last week's raids on Bilbao, I think that probably the prisoner was right. The Iron Line was lost because the control system, while denying a single foreign anti-aircraft gun to Bilbao, let slip through from Germany literally hundreds of planes.

The bomber used most frequently on the Basque front is now the German Heinkel III. Significantly, the first of these planes appeared a few days after the imposition of the control scheme. At the time of the bombing of Guernica, that, is at the end of April, they were still comparatively rare, and though both the mayor of the town and the parish priest to whom I spoke picked out at once the picture of a Heinkel III as having taken part, it seems that the main bombing was done by Junkers 52. By the end of May the Heinkel III had largely superseded the Junkers 52. I saw, myself, the charred fragments of a log found in the wreckage of one of those Heinkels. "April 6th," it reads, "Berlin-Rom, April 7th Rom-Sevilla." I saw a passport found in the same plane. It had been issued in Berlin to one Hans Sabotka, described as a German subject and a "Captain." Issued on April 5th, it bears the stamp of Rome airport dated April 6th.

The reinforcement of these planes appears from all evidence to have been continuous. I asked another German pilot, who had been captured alive and whose diary showed he had left Berlin for Spain by air on April 23rd, in what plane he had travelled. "That," he replied, "is a military secret which I cannot disclose."

No doubt, if the Basques had been able to bring down more planes further evidence would have been forthcoming. It is a measure of the German disregard for the Non-Intervention Committee that they allowed their planes to fly in Spain with such documents aboard.

In the air the Basques faced the German air force; on the ground Italian conscripts. A few days before the final attack, one of them who had strayed out of the lines, was brought in as a prisoner. He was a little confused at finding himself in Spain at all, having volunteered as a labourer in Abyssinia. He was, it appeared, a cook in one of the battalions of the celebrated "Black Arrows," the so-called mixed brigades of Italian and Spanish volunteers. His culinary practice provided an interesting commentary on the proportion of

Spaniards present. The whole battalion was fed on macaroni. He had come, of course—one had grown to expect it—after the ban on volunteers. "In my boat," he said, "there were twelve hundred of us."

We sat in the Presidencia, some seven or eight of us, round a great mahogany table. There were two journalists, an important officer from the Ministry of War and two officials from the Foreign Office. On the table were a pile of documents. The prisoner looked at them: "They have taken the picture of my mother," he said. "Perhaps it is there." I shall always remember the spectacle of the Basque officials and officers searching painstakingly through the pile: "Was this it?" No." "Was this?" "No." "Never mind, we shall find it soon, they should not have taken away the picture of your mother."

On Saturday last I stood outside the Presidencia in Bilbao watching squadron after squadron of German aircraft wheeling over the city. Above the noise of the planes one could hear the continuous rattle of their machine-guns. Every now and then there would be a whistle a little like a ship syren but not so loud, and immediately after a great mushroom of earth, timber, bits of walls and bits of people would go up in the air. They were firing 12-inch naval armour-piercing shells into the town. A 12-inch gun alone weighs 60 tons. Each projectile weighs 6 cwt. Their sudden appearance after nearly three months of non-intervention control was the final irony.

A LONDON DIARY

THE murderers of Matteoti have now stabbed the brothers Rosselli to death. The methods of Italian tyranny have not changed much since the Borgias employed the dagger and the poisoned cup. Carlo Rosselli was one of the finest of the Italian exiles, a scholar, a brave man of action, in the tradition of Mazzini. His escape from the Lipari Islands in 1929 is one of the most exciting in history—a business of swimming out night after night in search of a promised ship, and being finally pulled on board, when all hope seemed gone, and escaping with bullets flying across the bows. He became the centre of anti-Fascist work in Paris, editing a paper called *Giustizia e Libertà*, which was especially annoying to Mussolini because it frequently published the secret official orders to the Italian press, thereby spoiling the effect of much subtle Fascist propaganda. Rosselli was primarily responsible for organising the Garibaldi battalion in Spain—which, eye-witnesses tell me, has been the most efficient part of the International Brigade—and I have in front of me a number of Rosselli's tiny leaflets with gum on the backs and propaganda in small type on the front. The propaganda is excellently done, and these little labels get distributed in thousands and stuck about all over the place in Italy. Here is one that simply contrasts the promise of peace in the Fascist programme of 1919 with the reality of 1937, when the Grand Council on March 1st announced that everything else in the State must be sacrificed to the intensified military programme. Others deal with the Spanish war, and call upon Italian workers not to fight their Spanish comrades. I was shocked to see the *Times* giving publicity to a Fascist propaganda story that Rosselli had really made terms with Mussolini and was murdered by Communists. The Borgias, as I said at the beginning, used poison as well as the dagger.

* * *

From a friend who saw something of Marshal Tukhachevsky when he commanded the Red Army in the Russo-Polish war, I gleaned some impressions of this unfortunate soldier. He seemed even younger than his years (he was then still in his twenties) and carried himself with a winning modesty. His interest in military science was that of a chess-player or a mathematician. His first enthusiasm had been for music, which he was studying in St. Petersburg when the war broke out. He joined a Guard regiment, and after some active service passed through the Staff College. In his entourage at Minsk was one of his old professors of music whom he sheltered during the perils of the Civil War. From this man, a brilliant talker, my friend heard the story of Tukhachevsky's imprisonment in Germany. Finding captivity wearisome, he collected used matches in the camp, and from these with glue constructed a 'cello. When he made one of his several attempts to escape, the German commander, himself by good luck a musician, was so touched by the sight of this instrument, made with such infinite labour, that he dealt lightly with the young man's offence. He joined the Communist Party when at last he found his way back to Russia in 1917, and rose with startling rapidity, because he was then its only trustworthy member who had had a staff training.

* * *

I am glad to see that, excepting only Glasgow University, all British Learned Societies and Universities have now declined the invitation to the fake "centenary" of Göttingen. The date chosen, June 30th, recalls nothing in the history of Göttingen University, but it is the anniversary of the massacre of Hitler's friends. It was chosen last year for Heidelberg's jubilee and will, I suppose, go on being chosen as a means of directing attention to other years than 1934. The time will come when Germans will look back at this period as the most tragic for German scholarship. Science and learning cannot flourish without security and security cannot exist when, as at Göttingen, more than fifty members of the staff are displaced in a few years for political and racial reasons. Dismissals were actually proceeding while the invitations for the centenary were going on. Another distinguished scholar, 58 years old, a man who had been professor of Göttingen for 17 years, has just been turned out. Neither he nor his wife have Jewish or Social Democratic affiliations—indeed, dismissals now cannot be on these grounds, because the Jews and the Socialists have long been displaced. One looks in vain for some protest from German scholarship with its long and fine tradition. But German scholars, like most of the German population, are either terrorised or propagandised into submission.

* * *

Talking over the death of Prof. J. L. Stocks with a friend who had known him for many years, we noticed that we remembered his presence with affection and admiration on innumerable occasions, but that there were no spectacular moments, few great occasions to recall. "That," said my friend, "is because he was not on the stage when the footlights were turned on." One remembers him most often perhaps as the ideal chairman, equable, never ruffled or hurried, getting through a mass of detail more patiently and more quickly and with less friction than anyone else. I used to tell him that he was a born bishop. But to leave it at that would give a wrong impression of suavity. One needed also to see Stocks off duty, when we were acting in a play, for instance, at Manchester University Settlement, and a bishop is not always thought of as a person willing to run risks for unpopular causes. Personally, that was what I liked best of all about Stocks; he was solid and cautious and very respectable, but you could rely on him not to find the respectable person's excuse for getting out of doing a generous thing or befriending an unconventional cause. He was a born administrator, and he had just been appointed to a post that was ideal for him. As Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University he would have been very happy and certainly successful.

* * *

Last month I protested against the addition to life's horrors involved in aerial advertising. I pointed out that there was no regulation to prevent any kind of aerial propaganda destroying all peace and quiet, and even blotting out the sun. This produced a superb letter from Air Publicity Limited—a letter defying comment and certain to be included some day in an Anthology of Unconscious Humour. That letter, published in this journal on May 15th, solemnly assured me that no unpatriotic slogans were ever allowed to appear in the air and that

> contrary to it being considered a menace, it is thought in many circles that the Aerial Poster, against its picturesque background, is an interesting spectacle which, on account of its mobility, adds rather than detracts from the pleasure that the public experience when glancing skyward.

The writer added a reminder that thousands of aeroplanes " operate at night time, yet the moon is never obliterated, not even temporarily, by aeroplanes."

I now hear that the Peace Pledge Union, deciding to turn this new horror to good use, arranged for an aeroplane to carry a streamer for a period of two hours over the City of London on the day of the Hendon Air Display. The streamer was to say *April 26th, Guernica; June 26th, Hendon.* The P.P.U. has now heard that the slogan has been submitted to the Ministry of Air, which states that it is quite willing to pass some amiable aspiration like *Peace, To-day and Always* or even *Now is the Time to Renounce War.* The P.P.U. would not have these, but offered to accept *Now is the Time to Stop Bombing*—which the Air Ministry refused. I can quite understand the Air Ministry not wishing people to remember that a main object of air development in our present world is to enable young men to kill scores of helpless civilians below them, and that England is, in fact, now preparing to do this. What I do not understand is what right of censorship the Air Ministry has in the matter, nor, to repeat my original point, why aerial advertising of any sort should be permitted.

* * *

The following sonnet on Spain has just reached my hands.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD

We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands;
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

This seems to me a fine poem. I wonder how many readers can guess its authorship. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to M.P.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Our new Premier is one of those rare gifts which the Gods are apt to bestow upon honest, simple England after a period of tantalising trial and in the hour of need.—*The National.*

The Queen Mother shares with another Mary, of 1,937 years ago, the sorrow for a son, sacrificed by the " powers that be," because he dared to challenge the money-changers and be a Man.—Letter in *Reynolds' News.*

Capt. L. C. Schlotel, an anti-gas expert, speaking at Plymouth about air-raid precautions, said : " It is difficult to fit bearded men with gas masks, and should an emergency arise, those with beards more than a hand long might be faced with the alternative of either cutting their beards off or being gassed."—*Evening Standard.*

The Queen's powder blue lace dress and tilted wide-brimmed hat made the garden party seem more real.—*Observer.*

A NATION OF BOOKBINDERS

[BY AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL HEADMASTER]

IT is a matter of doubt among historians whether or not Napoleon accused us of being a nation of shopkeepers. But there is no doubt—the evidence is in every Council school—that the Hadow Report is turning us into a nation of bookbinders.

Perhaps we are too hard on the Report. After all, whatever its demerits, the Hadow Report of 1926—note the date, eleven years ago—did recommend secondary education for all children; it did insist on a differentiated curriculum to suit varying capacities; and it did emphasise that the whole scheme of reorganisation would be abortive without the raising of the school-leaving age.

At the same time, by its very comprehensiveness the Report armed the reactionaries with every possible weapon, and as a result of the deliberate misinterpretation of its main provisions, the term reorganisation has become almost meaningless; indeed, reorganisation in most areas can only be referred to as reshuffling.

The Hadow Report insisted throughout, with no minority dissentients, that education over the age of eleven plus should be secondary education in at least three main streams—e.g., one represented by the present secondary or grammar school, one by the " selective " senior school (similar to the present central school), and one by the " non-selective " senior school (whatever that might be! Nobody yet seems to have formed any idea). There were many variations, as one would expect, but the above gives the broad plan without going into technical detail. In one or other of these three educational " streams," each boy or girl would be placed according to capacity. It was recognised that whatever else happened, considerable school building would be necessary.

What do we find? In most areas the boys have been sent to one school, previously a mixed school, and girls have been sent to another, likewise previously a mixed school. Here and there a room has been added (usually encroaching on the already inadequate playground accommodation), and the schools renamed senior boys' and senior girls' schools. Thus, very largely, has reorganisation been effected.

Rarely has there been a definite " break " in the education of the child, as recommended in the Report—i.e., the feeling of proceeding from " primary " to " secondary " education. And indeed how can one expect a child to feel that the time has come when he must proceed to " secondary " education, when in fact he is merely being transferred from one elementary school to another, often at considerable inconvenience owing to distance? Many critics point to the harmful effects of destroying what could quite genuinely be called " tradition " in the old elementary schools, without putting anything whatever in its place.

For the new senior schools class establishments in numbers and staffing are, in effect, the same as for elementary schools, and teachers have been called upon to specialise in crafts, for which, in many cases, they have no aptitude and for which they have had no training. The result is the development of spurious crafts which are showy, but which cannot in any way be regarded as true crafts.

Bookbinding for boys and handloom weaving for girls are two good cases in point. One would not deny that bookbinding is a true craft, and one would readily grant that in many schools it has been taught in a manner to give it true educational value. But in the great majority of schools it is on the time-table because the subject has become a fashion. In the past too much attention was paid to the formal academic grind. Without doubt true craftwork should be developed. But do we want a nation of bookbinders? And if so, for what purpose?

The last person to blame for all this muddle is the teacher—the infantryman of the professional army—the "P.B.I." Poor fellow! The elementary school teacher gets short shrift from everybody. In the press he is regarded as a pedant, affected by continual association with young, immature minds, and at educational conferences of "bigwigs" he is spoken of as half-educated, since he has not been to a university. The headmaster of the school where he teaches expects him to be quite good at an "outside" subject—e.g., music, drawing, physical jerks, football, cricket, swimming, etc. And then, of course, he is expected to know, and to be able to teach, the whole range of arithmetic from Standard I to the higher tops. English—he must know all about that. It must be second nature to him. It is expected that he will know the whole of history, British and general. Naturally he will also teach geography. Possibly he will be allowed to specialise in one of these two subjects, unless he takes science. And he'll probably be allowed his choice at one of the "buckshee" subjects—hygiene, nature study, gardening, or a branch of handwork or art.

No wonder he is regarded as something of a fool—come to think of it, he must be to let people saddle him with a burden like this. But he is becoming more articulate, and it is the fault of the public if they don't hear him. For years he has been shouting from the housetops that the reorganisation was being made an excuse for doing nothing—that it was a sham, in spite of the report of the Board of Education that in 1935 41.3 per cent. of children were in senior departments, or if children in senior divisions of all age departments be included, 55.8 per cent. It looks well on paper. It gives the impression that the Board are getting a move on. The plain fact of the matter is that the elementary schools are still elementary schools, and will continue to be elementary schools, until the Government, submerged now by its rearmament policy, institutes a progressive educational policy for the present one of bluff and dilatoriness.

There are one or two other important points that tend to be overlooked. Lady Simon showed a short time ago that between 1929 and 1934 the percentage of entrants from elementary schools to secondary schools in the relative age group fell from 13.2 to 11.9. This is a peculiar form of reorganisation. It is the more puzzling since, owing to the serious shortage in secondary school accommodation, most authorities have a more or less compulsory test colloquially known as the Eleven-year-old Examination. Under the Hadow Scheme this test was designed as a "selective" examination, to sort out pupils for the various branches of secondary education. It has now become the "end all" and "be all" of the junior school, or junior department of the elementary school, and the intensive "scholarship" cramming of the brighter pupils (see the recent report on Homework) has naturally resulted in the comparative neglect of the majority of the ordinary pupils.

The aim of the old secondary schools was to provide a few university scholarship winners, and to train clerks for banks and local government offices. (The higher branches of the Civil Service were reserved, and are now reserved, for pupils of the Public Schools—see any *Who's Who*). Now, there are not enough of these sure, but low-paid, lower middle-class clerical jobs to go round. Still, the machine is working merrily, turning out at sixteen thousands of lads and lasses with a preliminary education totally unfitted for the bus-conducting and shopkeeping they are compelled to do.

And what about the leavers from the elementary schools or —what's in a name?—the new senior schools? Most of these boys and girls are going into the newer automatic industries. For example, in the woodworking trades very few apprenticed craftsmen are wanted. The same applies to the motor trades and most branches of engineering. And after working for eight hours at a soulless manual job, do we expect the boy to come home and spend another hour or two at his William Morris-cum-Ruskin bookbinding? Or the girl, after eight hours in a sewing shop or a weaving mill, to spend the evening at the handloom? Surely what the young adolescent needs is a training in the ability to read with discrimination, and to exercise judgment in the realms of art, music, science and civics. He will then use his leisure time aright.

Here are appended a few suggestions which might help to remedy the present muddle:

1. The fact of never having been in an elementary school, except as an occasional visitor, should not be an indispensable qualification of a higher official of the Board of Education.

2. Board of Education inspectors should most certainly have had experience of teaching in the type of school they are called upon to inspect—just as mining engineers are expected to have had practical experience of mine work.

3. Directors of Education should have some practical knowledge of the machine they are called upon to direct. An Honours Degree and a knowledge of typewriting seem to be the only qualifications asked for.

4. A Consultative Committee of Teachers in each area should be asked to submit its views on points of major administrative detail—e.g., reorganisation. This Committee would have no power whatever. Its purpose would be merely to offer suggestions. This is very necessary, because in many areas, owing to the election of new councillors, the composition of education committees changes rapidly. Abortive measures are often put in operation, which would never have been attempted after consultation with the teachers.

Let us keep well in mind the fact that our system of elementary education was obsolete in 1914. It is now 1937. Let us see to it that the staggering cost of the rearmament policy is not used as an excuse by the reactionaries once more to defer an urgent reform of the whole educational system.

SWISS DEMOCRACY

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE pressure of Nazi Germany upon Switzerland is now so great that, as a Minister in Berne told me: "The Germans are already treating Switzerland as if it were conquered territory." Switzerland is to come within the Nazi "Gleichschaltung." This is the Nazi aim, and by devious methods the Nazis are trying to familiarise the Swiss with the idea. Typical of Nazi technique is the award out of the blue of a special prize to Herr Schoeck, the Swiss musician, and to Herr Hugenberger, the Swiss writer, "for services rendered to Germanic culture." Neither of these artists is particularly pro-German, and the only possible excuse for the award of merit is that Herr Hugenberger, like the majority of Swiss citizens, happens to write in the German language. But no Swiss believes that it was for art's sake that the Nazis rewarded them.

The Nazi penetration in Switzerland has been perfected since the death of Gustloff and is now a splendid organisation. It has four departments—the Nazi Party organisation proper, to which the 140,000 Germans who live in Switzerland are compelled to belong; the Propaganda bureau; the Union for Germans abroad, which is the successor of the Deutscher Fichte Bund, the Imperial Spy Organisation created in January, 1914; and finally, the Gestapo. There are now in Switzerland 500 Gestapo agents, whose function is to keep the German War Office well informed of Swiss military secrets and also to check up on the movements of German refugees. Ascona in the south, where Emil Ludwig, Remarque and others have found shelter, is well known as a Gestapo hide-out. The Italians, of course, also have their spies. In 1935, for instance, a new model machine-gun was stolen from the Swiss arms factory at Soleure. This model reappeared in Abyssinia as one of the weapons of Italian attack.

In Switzerland, as elsewhere, the Italians and the Germans have set up and maintained Fascist groups to promote their influence. The Italian scheme foundered early. Its main promoter was Fonjallaz, a condottiere of the traditional type, who served as a military instructor in China before reaching high rank in the Swiss Army. Nino Rezzonico was the actual leader of the Fascist organisation, which appeared with a great flourish in 1934, with its centurions and its newspaper, *Il Fascista Switzero*, its ballila, and its blackshirts. Within a few months there was proclaimed the Fascist March on

Bellinzona, the capital of Italian Switzerland. It was to be Switzerland's March on Rome. Unfortunately, despite the presence of 150 Fascists who had come over from Italy, the March collapsed. Rezzonico controlled the March from the safe distance of Como and it was left to a young lawyer Rossi to perform the theatricals, shout Avanti in Bellinzona square and call on his centurions to take control. Instead it was the anti-Fascists who took charge, wrecked the Fascist G.H.Q. and dismantled the centurions.

That was more or less the end of the Italian brand of Fascism in Switzerland. The Nazis however are much more tenacious. They are organised in a National Front under the lead of Rolf Henné, from Schaffhausen. They made great progress in 1933. The Nazi "clean up" on June 30th, 1934, had a devastating effect, however, and completely discredited the Swiss Nazis. Since then they have never made much ground and only 1 per cent. of the Swiss electorate voted for them in the last elections. A number of treason trials have further discredited them, like the case of Corporal Joseph Speck who handed over to the Nazi agents in Zürich important Swiss military secrets. Speck was a very active member of the Swiss National Front.

Far more dangerous from the democratic standpoint are the reactionary tendencies on the Right Wing of the Government parties. At the great Catholic centre of Fribourg the ex-Finance Minister Musy set up an organisation called the Committee of Action for National Reconstruction. This organisation is violently anti-Socialist and its aim is to group together all Right-Wing Movements on the basis of an authoritarian programme. It is intended to be the spearhead of the pro-Fascist drive in Switzerland. It was Musy's Committee which was chiefly responsible for the success of the campaign that resulted in the banning of the Communist Party in the canton of Neuchâtel.

Pro-Fascist tendencies also make themselves felt in the Government. M. Motta himself is an even more pronounced Vaticanist than Dolfuss. It is said in Berne that he makes no serious political decision without first consulting his confessor, and he is known to be a close personal friend of the Papal Nuncio and a fervent admirer of Mussolini.

It was under pressure from M. Motta that Switzerland became the first country to recognise the Italian annexation of Abyssinia. From the outset of the Spanish struggle, the Swiss Government, though professing complete neutrality, has been openly prejudiced on the rebel side. The Swiss Ambassador was the first to be recalled from Spain. The correspondence of the Spanish Minister in Berne is censored and seized, whereas the representative of Franco, an ex-Secretary of the Spanish Legation in Berne, is granted diplomatic privileges and is even allowed facilities for sending code messages to Burgos. Republican papers like *La Vanguardia* of Barcelona are seized, though no check is placed on rebel propaganda. The eminent Swiss writer, Hans Muhlenstein, now lies in jail outside Zürich for stating in a public meeting that all means should be used to aid the Spanish Government.

The anti-democratic decrees of the Federal Council, acting under its emergency powers, have already raised much protest in Swiss juridical circles. The Council has now submitted to the Chamber a law to abolish the Communist Party, which, though it is infinitesimal in size and entirely without mass following, is blamed for all Switzerland's difficulties:

> "Je suis tombé par terre,
> C'est la faute à Voltaire,
> Le nez dans le ruisseau,
> C'est la faute à Rousseau."

as M. Jean Vincent aptly quoted at Geneva. The Swiss Senate has already made considerable amendments to the proposed legislation, and it has now been made so general in its terms that an action can be taken under its authority against Fascists as well as Communists. But the main drive of the Bill is against the Left, and the view taken by Swiss Socialists and democratic Radicals (like the editorial staff of the excellent Basle daily, the *National Zeitung*), is that the law to abolish the Communist Party is an obvious preliminary step to an attack on the Socialist Party and eventually even on the Liberals.

The democratic organisations, however, are not blind to the dangers of this *Loi Liberticide* as they call it, and so strong has their resistance been that the Swiss Parliament has now been compelled to abandon the proposal to push through the law without a referendum. In Neuchâtel the Trade Unions refused to resist the law to abolish the Communist Party and as a result it was passed. But in the canton of Geneva, which has been asked by referendum to abolish Communism, the Labour Party has organised a strong opposition campaign.

In the same way in German Switzerland, where the chief danger lies, the Trade Unions and Labour Party are opposing the Federal Action against Communism, and in alliance with various small groups, like the Jeunes Paysans, Young Catholic Workers, and Peasant Party, they have created a movement called the *Ligne Directrice*. Though this movement dissociates itself from the name "Popular Front," the nucleus of a Popular Front it undoubtedly is, with considerable possibilities for the future. Upon the shoulders of this movement may fall the task of keeping Swiss democracy alive.

THE ETHICS OF HOAXING

One of the things that the world apparently finds especially interesting is news about lapses in broadcasting. Let a comedian at the microphone make a slip of the tongue, and he will get more publicity from it in the newspapers than if he had given the best comic turn of the century. Let an unauthorised youth get hold of the microphone and broadcast an inefficient description of what is happening on a famous occasion, and he will get much more space than if he had rescued a child from drowning. In broadcasting, indeed, as in some other spheres, if you want to become what is called "a front-page story," you will be well advised to do something wrong.

News was recently cabled from South Africa that the Coronation broadcast from that part of the Commonwealth was in some respects a "hoax." An Afrikaans-speaking Rand miner, for example, and a Natal sugar-planter, were supposed to come to the microphone and send loyal messages to the newly crowned King, but, when the broadcast took place, it is said, the actual speakers were "two well-known Capetown men who have never been connected with either mining or sugar-planting." Nor was this all. The world was invited to listen to a broadcast of the roars of wild lions from the Kruger National Park, and was then fobbed off with a record of the roar of a tame lion in the Pretoria Zoo.

Immediately, people who could not tell the difference between the roar of a tame lion and the roar of a wild one became greatly excited. They felt that they had been cheated. It was as if some one had passed bad money on them. As they listened to the lions, they had been thrilled to the marrow, conjuring up a picture of savage beasts in their native surroundings—cruel beasts that would not spare even an Androcles. And now they realised that they had been thrilled on false pretences. The lion that had frightened them so deliciously was all the time safely in a cage. In fact, he wasn't worth listening to, if only they had known it. As for the Afrikaans-speaking Rand miner, it stirred the pulse to listen to his noble utterance, so long as he was believed to be genuine. But if he was not a miner at all what was there to quicken the pulse in it? Nobody wants to listen to a bogus Rand miner making a loyal speech. Or to a bogus Natal sugar-planter. Probably a bogus Natal sugar-planter could make a better speech than a real Natal sugar-planter, but the fact remains that, however bad a speech the real Natal sugar-planter made, he would not be making fools of us as we listened to him. We must have the real thing, even if the imitation is better. It almost looks as if the prelate who said: "The people wish to be deceived" misread human nature.

I am not sure of this, however. His complete saying was: "The people wish to be deceived: let them be deceived; and the man who said that, though a cynic, cannot be accused of ignorance of human nature. South African listeners to the roars of the tame lion were perfectly happy while they were being deceived: it was only when they were undeceived that they became miserable. It seems to me that whoever let the secret out was guilty of cruelty to his fellows. Why should we be robbed of our imaginary Rand miner and our imaginary Natal sugar-planter? In a world in which make-believe plays so important a part, what harm does it do anyone if we are deluded into happiness by the belief that we have listened to the roars of wild lions? Unfortunately, there are always some people, like the man in *The Wild Duck*, who must speak the truth, however miserable it makes others. One result of all this truth-telling, however, is that the South African Broadcasting Corporation has promised never to do it again. It declares, incidentally, that it had no intention of misleading the public in its Coronation broadcast, and that what happened "was necessitated by technical and practical difficulties. Every precaution will be taken in future," we are told, "to eliminate the possibility of misunderstanding the intention of programmes."

This all goes to show how great a part the imagination plays in listening to a broadcast programme. If you listen to a broadcast of a nightingale singing, much of your pleasure is due to your conjuring up a picture of the moonlit copse in which the bird breaks the enchanted silence with its enchanting song. You can do this much more effectively if you believe that the broadcast is actually coming from the moonlit copse than if you are told that what you are listening to is a gramophone record. It is the same with the speeches of public men. As you listen to one of them on the wireless, you form a picture of the great man addressing you almost personally, and, if you were told that he was not speaking into the microphone at all but that a gramophone record of the talk had been made earlier in the day and that you were now listening to it, you would lose the sense of intimate contact, and the whole thing would seem a little unreal. Yet I do not think the B.B.C. could be accused of illegitimate deception if, in certain circumstances, having announced a talk by a public man, it gave the public a gramophone record of the talk instead. Nor do I think it would be wise to announce that the supposed talk was only a gramophone record. It is better that the listening public should enjoy itself than it should know the truth in such circumstances.

There must, I agree, be a good reason for such deception, and it is vitally important that the public should not get it into its head that deception is being constantly practised on it. We resent the notion that we are being hoodwinked. Swift speaks of "the serene pleasure of being a fool among knaves," but no man likes to have been made a fool of. How happy book-collectors were in recent years as they acquired spurious first editions of great writers from one of the most famous bibliophiles of our time! If the forgeries had never been found out, the bibliophile who sold them might reasonably have boasted that he had made a real addition to the stock of human happiness. No sooner, however, were the forgeries exposed than every possessor of one of the spurious pamphlets was unhappier than if he had never possessed it. He was humiliated, a tricked simpleton. His pleasure had been entirely a pleasure of the imagination, and, when the imagination became helpless in the stranglehold of facts, the pleasure turned into bitterness.

Yet the fact remains that we like to be deceived. If we did not, we should never go to the theatre. We loved Henry Irving for deceiving us into the belief that he was Shylock, and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson for deceiving us into the belief that he was Hamlet. "It is I, Hamlet the Dane"—it was Hamlet himself, not an actor, who sent the blood coursing through our veins as he spoke. In the theatre, however, we feel no resentment at being deceived since we submit to deception voluntarily. I have seen a man in the gallery of a Belfast theatre deceived to such a point into the belief that what he was watching was real, that he rose from his seat and shouted to the actress who was playing Wolfe Tone's wife, and who was engaged at the moment in conversation with a Government spy: "Don't believe him, ma'am. He's a bloody liar." But even he, I am sure, did not go home with a resentful feeling that he had been hoaxed or "had." In the theatre we lead a double life, believing what we see to be true and knowing that it isn't. Our sense of fact remains passive in the background while our imagination actively enjoys itself.

This explains why we love fiction when it is presented to us as fiction, and yet abominate fiction when it is presented to us as fact. We allow a novelist to play tricks on us that would be unendurable in a biographer or a journalist. There is a type of modern biographer who mingles fact with fiction and who exasperates us by leaving us in constant doubt, whether he is appealing to our sense of fact or to our always-willing-to-be-deceived imagination. In reading a book we cannot be happy unless our sense of fact or our will to make-believe is temporarily idle. I am not suggesting that a biography such as Boswell's *Johnson* is not a work of imagination, but we should enjoy it less if we learned that Boswell had hoaxed us and deceived us into believing in an imaginary character. A novel does not outrage our sense of fact, since it does not profess to appeal to it, but a fictitious biography does.

It is the same with fictitious journalism, such as the famous story of Chinese atrocities during the Boxer rising. I confess I cannot enjoy anything in a newspaper if I feel that the writer is less interested in facts than in telling an effective story. Fiction may be more interesting than facts in a magazine, but in a newspaper facts are immeasurably more interesting than fiction. The intelligent reader of a magazine longs to be deceived: the intelligent reader of a newspaper resents being deceived as soon as he discovers the deception. Fortunately, perhaps, few ever discover it. The lapses of journalism are not cabled to the ends of the earth like the lapses of broadcasting. If a bogus Natal sugar-planter had written an article in a newspaper, no one would ever have heard of it. Broadcasting is another matter, however. It is still in its infancy and unskilled in the art of not being found out.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

ANGLO-AMERICAN CO-OPERATION

SIR,—For the third time in five years there is danger of Great Britain's throwing away a hopeful opportunity for co-operation with the U.S.A. American opinion, official and popular, is becoming very impatient at Britain's exceedingly cautious approach to the advances which the U.S.A. has been making for upwards of a year. Already one can sense in the U.S.A. that suspicion of Great Britain which developed with such fatal results during the Sino-Japanese and Italo-Ethiopian disputes. Already friends of Great Britain, and of international co-operation, are beginning to lose their ardour. They are saying, as Mr. Buell, President of the Foreign Policy Association, did in a recent speech—what is the use of drafting neutrality legislation which is calculated to make American supplies available in time of war only to Britain and France, what is the use of the tri-partite exchange agreement, what is the use of the diplomatic united front which the Roosevelt administration has tended to create with the democracies of the world, all of which make the U.S.A. morally the ally of Britain, if the British Government is thinking only of its own selfish material interests?

The American case against the British Government is three-fold. First, it is felt that Britain has been unduly slow, and cold, in its responses to Secretary Hull's suggestion of an Anglo-American Trade Treaty. Mr. Runciman, both in his Washington conversations and in his public utterances on the subject, created the impression that Britain is disposed to value such an agreement only to the extent to which the U.S.A. is willing to make major breaches in its tariff for the benefit of British traders. Americans also believe that Mr. Norman Davis was cavalierly treated when in London during the Sugar Conference, and was left with the same impression of British coolness and selfishness.

Secondly, Americans see no sign that Britain is willing to cease hindering the attempts of other groups of nations, such as the Oslo group, to achieve a reduction of the obstacles to trade by the method of non-exclusive reciprocal tariff agreements. All the evidence, up to Mr. Runciman's final speech in the House of Commons, suggests that Great Britain is still approaching international economic questions in the most narrow way and, while making its own imperial and other tariff agreements on a basis which tends to restrict world trade, is determined still to oppose similar agreements on the part of other States, even if they tend to free world trade.

Thirdly, Americans are worried at Britain's attitude towards the aggressive dictatorships. They themselves have become alarmed by the attitude of Japan, Germany and Italy, and feel that democracy is in danger. A Britain which rearms merely in order to defend its own colossal advantages, territorial and otherwise, a Britain which is concerned about aggression only when it itself is immediately threatened, a Britain which is willing to make a deal with Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini, or both, even at the expense of other States, would not be a Britain in which Americans would feel the least interest.

It is not realised in Great Britain how striking the present opportunity is. The most powerful American administration in a century is eager to co-operate in every non-military way in an attempt to check the declining curve of international confidence. It believes profoundly that, while it could do much with British support, it can do little or nothing without it. Moreover, it possesses the unusual power to raise or lower tariffs by 50 per cent. It has behind it a country which gives to the trade agreement policy a support more unanimous than it gives to any other administration policy. Owing to the fact that American farmers, and other producers, have come to rely upon more direct means of relief than further tariff protection, it is able without political disaster to negotiate agreements which lead to a greater growth of imports than of exports.

Such an opportunity for British-American co-operation has not occurred before, and if it be wasted is not likely for a very long time to recur again. ANGLO-AMERICAN

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

SIR,—My article in your issue of June 12th was written before Mr. Eden denied in the House of Commons on June 9th that he had "blue-pencilled" Mr. Jordan's speech at the meeting of the League Council on May 28th. If, however, I had known of Mr. Eden's denial, it would not have led me to modify what I said in the article except, perhaps, in one small matter of detail. It is possible that Mr. Eden did not actually strike out certain passages in Mr. Jordan's speech but only pointed to them. He certainly appeared to be using his pencil in some way. Mr. Eden, by the way, evaded Miss Wilkinson's question whether he made any representations that caused Mr. Jordan to modify the speech that he had originally decided to make. This evasion was an admission. The reason why Mr. Eden intervened publicly during the Council meeting was that representations had already been made to Mr. Jordan without success.

Mr. Jordan had prepared a written speech and it was evident to all of us that he had discarded it and was making an impromptu speech at a moment's notice. He left the text of his speech lying on the table and, if he picked up a page now and then, it was evidently rather for the purpose of giving himself confidence than of making use of it. His confusion and nervousness were painfully evident. Lest this incident should give a false impression in regard to Mr. Jordan himself, I should like to say that he has won general respect and admiration at Geneva on account of his courage and transparent sincerity. In particular, we have not forgotten the stand that he made on the Credentials Committee of the League Assembly last September against the attempt of Mr. Eden and M. Delbos to exclude the Ethiopian delegation. On May 28th Mr. Jordan was taken by surprise and put in an invidious position.

Mr. Eden said on June 9th that he understood that Mr. Jordan "had already denied the reports." We have heard of no such denial in Geneva and I cannot believe that Mr. Jordan has again yielded to pressure in this way.

Events have now shown that "the tendency towards independence manifested by the French Government at Geneva," which was mentioned in my article, has not continued. If the terms of the agreement arrived at between Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy on the question of the control of "non-intervention" in Spain are accurately reported here, the French Government has completely capitulated to the German and British Nazis. This new Four-Power Pact is the shameful culmination of what has been from the first a shameful betrayal.

7 Avenue Gaspard-Vallette, ROBERT DELL
Geneva.

INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE

SIR,—You were kind enough to publish my first appeal for the International Brigade Dependents' Aid Committee. The response from your readers was magnificent. I am now venturing to bring this Fund once more to your attention, for the following reasons:

It is necessary to intensify our efforts to support the dependents of those gallant Britons who have sacrificed so much—in some cases their lives—to assist the Spanish people in their heroic struggle against Fascist aggression. We have to raise weekly the sum of £700 in order to make sure that their wives, children and mothers shall not suffer through the absence of their breadwinner in this cause—a cause which since the days of Lord Byron has always been dear to all Britons who care for liberty and democracy.

In addition, we have now undertaken to care for those who have returned wounded or ill from the Spanish battlefields and who need medical attention and nursing back to health.

Among the eminent men and women who have kindly consented to become patrons of the International Brigade Dependents' and Wounded Aid Committee are the following:

H. N. Brailsford.
Seymour Cocks, M.P.
Ebby Edwards.
Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S.
Oliver Harris.
Will Lawther.
Earl of Listowel.
J. B. Priestley.
Ald. J. Reeves.
W. J. R. Squance.
G. R. Strauss, M.P.
Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.
The Duchess of Atholl, M.P.
E. Shinwell, M.P.
Wilfred Roberts, M.P.

We ask your readers, not for charity, but for tribute to men like Ralph Fox and John Cornford, and the hundreds of others who have fought by their side, by helping us to support these dependents and wounded anti-Fascist fighters, either by sending us a donation or by promising us a weekly contribution, however small, to the humanitarian work we have undertaken.

International Brigade CHARLOTTE HALDANE,
Dependents' and Wounded Aid Committee. Hon. Secretary.
1 Litchfield Street, London, W.C.2.

PLATO AND SOVIET DEMOCRACY

SIR,—I hope you are not going to make a practice of printing such garbled reports of statements at meetings as that letter of Mr. Sewell in your issue of June 12th. This sort of subjective reporting, where there is no stenogram, is not conducive to the spread of Truth (with or without the capital).

Let me deal with some of the points in Mr. Sewell's letter.

First, freedom of the press, through the abolition of the dependence of the press upon property, was achieved in the Soviet Republic in 1917–1918 and the new Constitution alters nothing in this respect.

Secondly, the Soviet authorities accept the scientific conception of Nature and Human Society formulated by Marx, Engels and Lenin, and called Dialectical Materialism. According to this conception the "economics of Communism" and "metaphysics of Marxism" cannot be isolated as suggested by Mr. Sewell.

A professor who *advocates* an antiquated pre-scientific philosophy as against a scientific one may be as powerful a reactionary force as a soldier in an army of intervention. How many minds in Britain to-day are being kept from ever establishing contact with Marxism by the simple process of loading them to capacity with the works of Plato and other philosophers? These works play, not a neutral, but an anti-Marxist role in such circumstances, and Marxists recognise this fact. Philosophy is not, as Mr. Sewell seems to think, neutral ground.

Thirdly, when the Soviet authorities do not encourage those professors who advocate pre-scientific ideologies, and in fact replace them by real scientists, they are exercising no more of an "inquisition" than the British University that employs a scientist, and not an astrologer, as professor of astronomy. Or does Mr. Sewell advocate the employment of some astrologers for this job, in the interests of Real Freedom? PAT SLOAN

LABOUR POLICY AND ORGANISATION

SIR,—I would not seek to take up your space any further but for the fact that Mr. Crossman ascribes to me an argument almost exactly opposite to the one I used, and then calls it "complete nonsense." I did *not* suggest that "it is the existence of Transport House which makes our task (i.e. local organisation) hopeless," nor that it would be better if Transport House were less active.

On the contrary, I said: "Greater initiative and a more militant spirit at Transport House would do more than anything else to strengthen local organisations."

Any attempt to create a keen and efficient political machine without a live policy on everyday issues, advocated by a spirited leadership that will excite men's minds and stir their activities, is as useless as trying to make bread without yeast.

House of Commons. G. R. STRAUSS

PURCELL'S FATHER

SIR,—Mr. Shawe-Taylor, like other reviewers of Mr. Westrup's excellent book on Purcell, is enthusiastic over the author's proof that Henry Purcell's father was not, as usually and complacently accepted, Henry the elder, but Thomas. Now Mr. Westrup's own deductions from wills, etc., are plausible if not irrefutable, but there is serious doubt about the primary evidence of a letter from Thomas Purcell to John Gostling, the bass singer, formerly in the possession of W. H. Cummings and now said to be in the Nanki Music Library, Tokio.

It is unfortunate that apparently this letter has been invisible—except as printed in Cummings's *Life of Purcell* (p. 28). Even Mr. Westrup has been unable to get a facsimile from Tokio, as he says in a footnote (p. 302). If any reader with access to the said Library could obtain a photostat copy with, if possible, details of paper, ink, etc., it would be valuable.

In the meantime here are a few queries about the text of the letter, which reads as follows in Cummings's book:

> "This ffor Mr. John Gostling, Chaunter of y^{e} quire of Canterbury Cathedral. London y^{e} 8th of ffeb. $\frac{9}{78}$.
>
> "Sir, I have re^{cd} y^{e} favor of yours of y^{e} 4th with y^{e} inclosed for my sonne Henry: I am sorry wee are like to be without you soe long as yours mentions: but 'tis very likely you may have a summons to appeare among us sooner than you imagine: for my sonne is composing wherin you will be chiefly concern'd. However, your occasions and tyes where you are must be considered and your conveniences ever complyde withall: in y^{e} meantime assure yourself I shall be carefull of your concern's heir by minding and refreshing our master's memory of his Gratious promis when there is occasion. My wife returns thanks for y^{e} compliment with her servis: and pray y^{e} give both our respects and humble services to Dr. Belk and his Lady, and beleeve ever that I am, Sir, your affectionate and humble servant,
>
> T. PURCELL."
>
> "Dr. Perce is in toune but I have not seen him since. I have perform'd y^{e} compliments to Dr. Blow, Will Turner, etc."
>
> "F faut: and E lamy are preparing for you."

Is "Chaunter" a possible form of address? Choirmen were described as singing men or lay clerks: if he had been Precentor, he would have been so described. Was he in orders at this time? If so, should he not have been addressed as such?

Is the contraction "$\frac{9}{78}$", meaning 1678/9, possible?

Is the abbreviation "re^{cd}" instead of "rec^{d}" possible?

Is not "the enclosed" and "yours of the 4th" more Victorian than Stuart?

The phrase "my sonne is composing wherein you, etc.," seems strange. "Is composing" sounds modern and "composing wherin" Wardour Street archaic. "Your concern's heir" presumably means "your concerns here," but "minding . . . our master's memory" is an odd phrase.

Either Thomas or the transcriber made a mistake in writing "pray y^{e} give, etc." Westrup corrects to "pray you give."

Has the phrase "perform the compliments" a true seventeenth-century ring?

Cummings and, apparently, Mr. Westrup presume that "F faut: and E lamy are preparing for you" alludes to the low bass notes written to show off the depth of Gostling's voice—and, indeed, there would have been no point in this postscript if it did not. But according to Playford "F faut" and "E lamy" are any f or e *excepting* low f and low e, which are called "Double F fa ut," "Double E la mi."

Further, if this letter is genuine, it is fuller of information than most; though short, it alludes to Gostling's friendship with the Purcells, Henry's paternity, possibly the appointment of Gostling to the Chapel Royal (Feb. 25th), a new work to display the singer's low notes, local Canterbury colour of Belk and Perce (prebendaries of the time), and local London colour of Blow and Turner. Almost the only thing missing is an allusion to Pepys. It is like a historical play that aims at period by only introducing famous characters—unlike Henry Purcell's letter to the Dean of Exeter (Westrup: facing p. 239), which merely shows that a Mr. Webber has often been petitioned for payment of a debt contracted on behalf of a Mr. Hodg(e) and yet which is essentially "period."

It is in the hope that Henry's paternity may be finally and satisfactorily decided that I write this letter. As your reviewer says, "it may seem of no great importance to-day; but if we are going to write a biography, we may as well get the facts right."

34 Margaretta Terrace, DENNIS ARUNDELL
Chelsea.

A. E. HOUSMAN FUND

SIR,—Will you allow me to make known through your columns that it is proposed to commemorate my brother, the late Professor A. E. Housman, by establishing a Scholarship Fund at Bromsgrove School, where he was educated. The Fund will be vested in the Governors of the School, and its income will be used to enable boys of ability to enter the University of Oxford or of Cambridge, or to prolong their studies at either of these Universities. Subscriptions to the Fund should be sent to The Headmaster, Bromsgrove School, Worcestershire, made payable to the "A.E.H. Scholarship Fund," and crossed Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Bromsgrove. LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Longmeadow, Street,
Somerset.

LES THIBAULT

SIR,—May I point out an error in M. René Elvin's review of recent French books which appeared in your issue of June 12th?

Referring to *Eté* 1914, the concluding volume of Roger Martin du Gard's *Les Thibault*, M. Elvin is of the opinion that of this cycle "*Jean Barois* and its admirable recital of the Dreyfus affair will live, if nothing else does."

The long wait for the appearance of *Eté* 1914 seems to have led M. Elvin's memory astray. *Jean Barois*, a pre-war novel in dialogue form, has not the remotest connection with *Les Thibault*, whose first volume it preceded by nine years. H. B. BRENAN

101 Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

CÉZANNE

SIR,—I am at present engaged in assembling a definitive volume of Collected Letters of Paul Cézanne. I would be very grateful to any of your readers who could help me with regard to the present whereabouts of any manuscripts. Anyone sending originals or photostats will have them treated with the greatest care.

8 Groom Place, DOUGLAS COOPER
Chapel Street, S.W.1.

MOWING

SIR,—The experiences of our most revered neighbour Father Conrad Noel harrow us. But mowing can be easier. It's true that you can find no one to undertake it now. Only roadmen use the scythe (that is, for a living). That was why we (my wife and I) now mow our orchard ourselves. One year we did induce the man who was cutting our meadow to try his hand with the machine in the orchard. Alas, never again. It is full of submerged tree stumps and the air rang with oaths and whoas.

The amateur mistakenly uses full-sized tools. He sweats with a full-sized spade and groans with a full-sized fork. With a small size (if he does not mind it being called a "lady's size") he can do twice the work with half the effort. So it is with the scythe. At its full size it's a horrible tool. Its point bends (and finally snaps) with the least obstacle. We use "three-quarter" scythes. They are smaller; the blade is narrower, proportionately heavier, and far "tougher." You can drive the point into a stump and it will survive. Of course, there's the " setting " (which comes with handling) and the sharpening (I suggest avoiding those hones or " rubs " which break in half almost as soon as they are used) which looks grisly but which becomes automatic in time (and a very pleasant interlude in the work). Also the grass should be wet rather than dry and either growing straight or falling away from you. Heavy rain turns grass into a gigantic bird's nest. You can overcome this by combing it one way with a wooden hayrake. Then it'll " cut a treat."

Tewes, near Saffron Walden, GERALD MILLAR
Essex.

THE EXECUTIONS IN RUSSIA

SIR,—If in the spring of last year the Spanish Government had executed Generals Franco, Sanjurjo, Mola and de Llano there would have been a reaction of world-wide horror, but the lives of many thousands might have been spared. Let this be remembered in contemplating the execution of the Russian Generals.

I am a member of no political party, but the publication of the Nazi conspiracy in Spain and the evidence considered by Miss Rathbone's non-intervention inquiry do prove that the Nazi and Fascist technique of rebellion is to influence high officials. The plight of Spain should indicate that the allegations made in Russia, even if exaggerated, may well be nearer the truth than many seem to think. F. BEAUFORT-PALMER

2 Rosary Gardens, S.W.7.

Miscellany

REFLECTIONS AT SHEFFIELD PLACE

THE great ponds at Sheffield Place at the right season of the year are bordered with red, white and purple reflections, for rhododendrons are massed upon the banks and when the wind passes over the real flowers the water flowers shake and break into each other. But there, in an opening among the trees stands a great fantastic house, and since it was there that John Holroyd, Lord Sheffield, lived, since it was there that Gibbon stayed, another reflection imposes itself upon the water trance. Did the historian himself ever pause here to cast a phrase, and if so what words would he have found for those same floating flowers? Great lord of language as he was, no doubt he filled his mind from the fountain of natural beauty. The exactions of the Decline and Fall meant, of course, the death and dismissal of many words deserving of immortal life. Order and seemliness were drastically imposed. It was a question, he reflected " whether some flowers of fancy, some grateful errors, have not been eradicated with the weeds of prejudice." Still his mind was a whispering gallery of words; the famous " barefooted friars " singing vespers may have been a recollection of Marlowe's " And ducke as low as any bare-foot Fryar," murmuring in the background. Be this as it may, to consider what Gibbon would have said had he seen the rhododendrons reflected in the water is an idle exercise, for in his day, late in the eighteenth century, a girl who looked out of the window of Sheffield Place saw not rhododendrons " but four young swans . . . now entirely grey " floating upon the water. Moreover, it is unlikely that he ever bestirred himself to walk in the grounds. " Gib," that same girl, Maria Josepha Holroyd remarked, " is a mortal enemy to any person taking a walk, and he is so frigid that he makes us sit by a good roasting Christmas fire every evening." There he sat in the summer evening talking endlessly, delightfully, in the best of spirits, for no place was more like home to him than Sheffield Place, and he looked upon the Holroyds as his own flesh and blood.

Seen through Maria's eyes Gibbon—she called him sometimes " Gib." sometimes " le grand Gibbon," sometimes " The Historian "—looked different from Gibbon seen by himself. In 1792 she was a girl of twenty-one; he was a man of fifty-five. To him she was " the tall and blooming Maria "; " the soft and stately Maria," a niece by adoption, whose manners he could correct; whose future he could forecast—" That establishment must be splendid; that life must be happy "; whose style, especially one metaphor about the Rhine escaping its banks, he could approve. But to her he was often an object of ridicule; he was so fat; such a figure of fun " waddling across the room whenever she [Madame da Silva] appeared, and sitting by her and looking at her, till his round eyes run down with water "; rather testy too, an old bachelor, who lived like clockwork and hated to have his plans upset; but at the same time, she had to admit, the most delightful of talkers. That summer night he drew out the two young men who were staying in the house, Fred North and Mr. Douglas, and made them far more entertaining than they would have been without him. " It was impossible to have selected three Beaux who could have been more agreeable, whether their conversation was trifling or serious," whether they talked about Greek and Latin or about turtle soup. For that summer Mr. Gibbon was " raving " about turtles and wanted Lord Sheffield to have one brought from London. Maria's gaze rested upon him with a mixture of amusement and respect; but it did not rest upon him alone. For not only were Fred North and Mr. Douglas in the room, and the swans on the pond outside and the woods; but soldiers were tramping past the Park gates; the Prince himself was holding a review; they were going over to inspect the camp; Mr. Gibbon and Aunt Serena in the post chaise; she, if only her father would let her, on horseback. But the sight of her father suggested other cares; he was wildly hospitable; he had asked the Prince and the Duke to stay; and as her mother was dead, all the catering, all the entertaining fell upon her. There was too something in her father's face that made her look at Mr. Gibbon as if for support; he was the only man who could influence her father; who could bring him to reason; who could check his extravagance, restrain his. . . . But here she paused, for there was some weakness in her father's character that could not be put into plain language by a daughter. At any rate she was very glad when he married a second time " for I feel delighted to think when sooner or later troubles come, as we who know the gentleman must fear. . . ." Whatever frailty of her father's she hinted at, Mr. Gibbon was the only one of his friends whose good sense could restrain him.

The relation between the Peer and the Historian was very singular. They were devoted. But what tie was it that attached the downright, self-confident, perhaps loose living man of the world to the suave, erudite sedentary historian?—the attraction of opposites perhaps. Sheffield, with his finger in every pie, his outright downright, man of the world's good sense, supplied the historian with what he must sometimes have needed—someone to call him " you damned beast," someone to give him a solid footing on English earth. In Parliament Gibbon was dumb; in love he was ineffective. But his friend Holroyd was a member of a dozen committees; before one wife was two years in the grave he had married another. If it is true that friends are chosen partly in order to live lives that we cannot live in our own persons, then we can understand why the Peer and the Historian were devoted; why the great writer divested himself of his purple language and wrote racy colloquial English to Sheffield; why Sheffield curbed his extravagance and restrained his passions in deference to Gibbon; why Gibbon crossed Europe in a post chaise to console Sheffield for his wife's death; and why Sheffield, though always busied with a thousand affairs of his own, yet found time to manage Gibbon's tangled money matters; and was now indeed engaged in arranging the business of Aunt Hester's legacy.

Considering Hester Gibbon's low opinion of her nephew and her own convictions it was surprising that she had left him anything at all. To her Gibbon stood for all those lusts of the flesh, all those vanities of the intellect which many years previously she had renounced. Many years ago, many years before the summer night when they sat round the fire in the Library and discussed Latin and Greek and turtle soup, Hester Gibbon had put all such vanities behind her. She had left Putney and the paternal house to follow her brother's tutor William Law to his home in Northamptonshire. There in the village of Kings Cliffe she lived with him trying to understand his mystic philosophy, more successfully putting it into practice; teaching the ignorant; living frugally; feeding beggars, spending her substance on charity. There at last, for she made no haste to join the Saints as her nephew observed, at the age of eighty-six she lay by Law's side in his grave; while Mrs. Hutcheson, who had shared his house but not his love, lay in an inferior position at their feet. Every difference that could divide two human beings seems to have divided the aunt from the nephew; and yet they had something in common. The suburban world of Putney had called her mad because she believed too much; the learned world of divinity had called him wicked because he believed too little. Both aunt and nephew found it impossible to hit off the exact degree of scepticism and belief which the world holds reasonable. And this very difference perhaps had not been without its effect upon the nephew. When he was a young man practising the graces which were to conciliate the world he adored, his eccentric aunt had roused his ridicule. "Her dress and figure exceed anything we had at the masquerade; her language and ideas belong to the last century," he wrote. In fact, though his urbanity never deserted him in writing to her—he was her heir-at-law we are reminded—his comments to others upon the Saint, the Holy Matron of Northamptonshire, as he called her, were of an acutely ironical kind; nor did he fail to note maliciously those little frailties—her anger when Mrs. Hutcheson forgot her in her will; her reprehensible desire to borrow from a nephew whom she refused to meet—which were to him so marked a feature of the saintly temper, so frequent an accompaniment of a mind clouded by enthusiasm. As Maria Holroyd observed, and others have observed after her, the great historian had a round mouth but an extremely pointed tongue; and—who knows?—it may have been Aunt Hester herself who first sharpened that weapon. Edward's father, for instance, may have talked about William Law, his tutor—an admirable man of course; far too great a man to have been the tutor of a scatter-brained spendthrift like himself; still William Law had made himself very comfortable at the Gibbon's house in Putney, had filled it with his own friends; had allowed Hester to fall passionately in love with him, but had never married her, since marriage was against his creed—had only accepted her devotion and her income, conduct which in another might have been condemned—so he may have gossiped. From very early days at any rate Edward must have had a private view of the eccentricities of the unworldly, of the inconsistencies of the devout. At last, however, Aunt Hester, as her nephew irreverently remarked, had "gone to sing Hallelujahs." She lay with William Law in the grave, after a life of what ecstacies, of what tortures, of what jealousies, of what satisfactions who can say? The only fact that was certain was that she had left one hundred pounds and an estate at Newhaven to her "poor though unbelieving nephew." "She might have done better, she might have done worse," he observed. And by an odd coincidence her land lay not far from the Holroyd property; Lord Sheffield was eager to buy it. He could easily pay for it, he was sure, by cutting down some of the timber.

If then we accept Aunt Hester's view, Gibbon was a worldling, wallowing in the vanities of the flesh, scoffing at the holiness of the faith. But his other aunt, his mother's sister, took a very different view of him. To his Aunt Kitty he had been ever since he was a babe a source of acute anxiety—he was so weakly; and of intense pride—he was such a prodigy. His mother was one of those flyaway women who make great use of their unmarried sisters, since they are frequently in childbed themselves and have an appetite for pleasure when they can escape the cares of the nursery. She died, moreover, in her prime; and Kitty of course took charge of the only survivor of all those cradles, nursed him, petted him, and was the first to inspire him with that love of pagan literature which was to bring the glitter of minarets and the flash of eastern pageantry so splendidly into his sometimes too pale and pompous prose. It was Aunt Kitty who, with a prodigality that would have scandalised Aunt Hester flung open the door of that enchanted world—the world of The Cavern of the Winds, of the Palace of Felicity, of Pope's Homer, and of the Arabian Nights in which Edward was to roam for ever. "Where a title attracted my eye, without fear or awe I snatched the volume from the shelf; and Mrs. Porten, who indulged herself in moral and religious speculations, was more prone to encourage than to check a curiosity above the strength of a boy." And it was she who first loosened his lips. "Her indulgent tenderness, the frankness of her temper, and my innate rising curiosity, soon removed all distance between us; like friends of an equal age, we freely conversed on every topic, familiar or abstruse." It was she who began the conversation which was still continuing in front of the fire in the library that summer night.

What would have happened if the child had fallen into the hands of his other aunt and her companion? Should we have had the Decline and Fall if they had controlled his reading and checked his curiosity as William Law checked all reading and condemned all curiosity? It is an interesting question. But the effect on the man of his two incompatible aunts developed a conflict in his nature. Aunt Hester, from whom he expected a fortune encouraged, it would seem from his letters, a streak of hypocrisy, a vein of smooth and calculating conventionality. He sneered to Sheffield at her religion; when she died he hailed her departure with a flippant joke. Aunt Kitty on the other hand brought out a strain of piety, of filial devotion. When she died he wrote, as if it were she and not the Saint who made him think kindly for a moment of Christianity, "The immortality of the soul is on some occasions a very comfortable doctrine." And it was she certainly who made him bethink him when she was asked to stay at Sheffield Place, that "Aunt Kitty has a secret wish to lye in my room; if it is not occupied, it might be indulged." So while Aunt Hester lay with William Law in the grave, Aunt Kitty hoisted herself into the great four poster with the help of the stool which the little man always used, and lay there, seeing the very cupboards and chairs that her nephew saw when he slept there, and the pond perhaps and the trees out of the window. The great historian whose gaze swept far horizons and surveyed the processions of the Roman Emperors, could also fix them minutely upon a rather tedious old lady and guess her fancy to sleep in a certain bed. He was a strange mixture.

Very strange, Maria may have thought as she sat there listening to his talk while she stitched: selfish yet tender; ridiculous but sublime. Perhaps human nature was like that —by no means all of a piece; different at different moments; changing, as the furniture changed in the firelight, as the waters of the lake changed when the night wind swept over them. But it was time for bed; the party broke up. Mr. Gibbon she noted with concern, for she was genuinely fond of him, had some difficulty in climbing the stairs. He was unwell; a slight operation for an old complaint was necessary, and he left them with regret to go to town. The operation was over; the news was good; they hoped that he would soon be with them again. Then suddenly between five and six of a January evening an express arrived at Sheffield Place to say that he was dangerously ill. Lord Sheffield and his sister Serena started immediately for London. It was fine, luckily, and the moon was up. "The night was light as day," Serena wrote to Maria. "The beauty of it was solemn and almost melancholy with our train of ideas but it seemed to calm our minds." They reached Gibbon's lodging at midnight and "poor Dussot came to the door the picture of despair to tell me *he* was no more. . . ." He had died that morning; he was already laid in the shell of his coffin. A few days later they brought him back to Sheffield Place; carried him through the Park, past the ponds, and laid him under a crimson cloth among the Holroyds in the Mausoleum.

As for the "soft and stately Maria" she survived to the year 1863; and her granddaughter Kate, the mother of Bertrand Russell, marvelled that an old woman of that age should mind dying—an old woman who had lived through the French Revolution, who had entertained Gibbon at Sheffield Place. VIRGINIA WOOLF

THE PURPOSE OF ART

SADLY we have to admit that the forceful movement which washed away restraint in painting has destroyed itself in dissipation. The stream which used to flow richly and rebelliously through the narrow defiles of taste is now spread in aimless trickles over a careless flat. Painting is not stagnant, but it lacks direction. And many artists, despairing of any other inspiration, hope to survive the dispersal of tradition by protecting themselves with the artificial dykes of a manner. M. Maurice de Vlaminck, 20 of whose uniformly tempestuous paintings are to be seen at Messrs. Wildensteins' Gallery, has been the slave of his manner for thirty years. M. Vlaminck is an artist, born of the region which produced Rubens and Watteau, and he does occasionally triumph over his self-imposed chains—several of the wintry forest scenes in this show are lovely. But after seeing them all together one wishes that he could start again with a slower method, look less at his own achievements and more at the world around, be less of a personality and more of an artist. But if it is too late to hope that M. de Vlaminck will change, there is still a chance that Mr. Basil Jonzen will not stick for ever in the rut he has made for himself. Mr. Jonzen's 40 new paintings at the Redfern Gallery show him to be a very talented young man. His colour is pleasantly personal, he paints with gusto, and everything he does is charged with youthful vitality. But there is in these paintings an alarming monotony. Before an exhibition like this one can imagine him saying: "Give me twenty-five pounds a month for three months and I'll bring you back forty pictures, all saleable." Whether in fact Mr. Jonzen said anything of the kind before leaving for Teneriffe is not pertinent. The point is that Mr. Jonzen is capable of making good such a boast. So long as his development is arrested at this point he is master of a graceful immaturity. It is hard to say whether it is too unkind to compare Mr. Jonzen to Sisley, or too kind. But it seems fair to say that their talents, however uneven in degree, are similar in quality. And Sisley did once write to a friend saying "give me 500 francs a month for six months and I will send you thirty pictures." Mr. Jonzen and Sisley are both typical of their times, the comparison is of periods more than of persons. Where Mr. Jonzen's drawing is jolly, Sisley's is incisive; where Mr. Jonzen's touch is uniform and plump, Sisley's is varied and sensitive; where Mr. Jonzen treats everything as though it were ready made to his formula, Sisley starts humbly anew at each subject. Where Mr. Jonzen's talent has nothing to bite on but his manner and his pleasure in producing these agreeable pictures, Sisley, backed up by the spirit of his age, derived strength from a determination to get more and more out of the actual representation of his subjects. A little austerity or a little humility or a little curiosity would have vastly improved Mr. Jonzen's record of sunny days.

At the Mayor Gallery, next door to the Redfern, there is a collection of M. Max Ernst's studiously slimy, lucidly unintelligible productions. M. Ernst is at his happiest in the montage tricks he plays with nineteenth century illustrations. These are original and entertaining. But his oil paintings show careful execution rather than either poetic imagination or sensibility to the medium of paint. Perhaps his paintings are best regarded as exclamations of disgust and despair provoked by the state of civilisation in his native Germany. Does not the preoccupation with insects shown by such painters as Ernst and Masson reflect the totalitarian attempt to reduce human society to the conditions of the termitary?

How useful minor artists are, and how we would welcome an Etty, or even a Conder to-day. Mr. Lynton Lamb, who is holding his first one-man show at the Storran looks as if he could supply the need if he would. Mr. Lamb has something to say about contemporary life. In *Girl in a Bus*, *Mother and Daughter*, and *Hyde Park*, he says it with distinction. In *Channel Crossing* he has caught exactly the cool, clean atmosphere of a smooth crossing on the night boat. So long as Mr. Lamb is content to be himself, he is excellent, when he is more ambitious—if it is more ambitious to emulate the sketchier moments of the great—he is less successful. Mr. Lamb is the author of an essay called *The Purpose of Art*, copies of which are on sale at the gallery. In this he has suggested that the purpose of art is to have something to express and the ability to make that something intelligible. M. de Vlaminck and Mr. Jonzen express rather little with verve, M. Ernst is too coy to let on, but in Mr. Lamb's work there is a promise of an awareness, with a talent to match.

GRAHAM BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"King's Pirate," at the St. Martin's

The last phase of the life of Sir Walter Ralegh (the authors' spelling)—his long imprisonment, his last voyage and treacherous execution—was not an easy subject for a chronicle play, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thompson are to be congratulated on making a serious, interesting, and sincere job of it. Unlike many recent historical plays, it is really historical and one could not hope for a more faithful portrait of the Court of James I, with its dirty, revolting king, caressing his favourites and despising the Queen, with its intrigues and its faction fights between the Spanish and French parties who used the popularity and temperament of Ralegh as counters in their struggle for power. The play is admirably acted, though Wyndham Goldie is not continuously equal to the difficult part of Ralegh. The last scenes would have been more effective if Ralegh was allowed to be an old man. (Is there any justification for this view that the Great British Public do not like age?) Wilfrid Lawson as James I made a tremendous hit with a fine piece of character acting; Peter Ridgeway is a subtle Robert Cecil; Kenneth Villiers a properly contemptible royal favourite and intriguer; Anthony Ireland, a smooth and cunning Spanish Ambassador; and Lawrence Baskcomb is excellent as the loyal sea-dog whom Ralegh drives to suicide. Most of the minor parts are well acted. The play would win more applause if the last scene were shorter and less realistic: the idea of showing Ralegh's true Christianity in the face of death in contrast with the pompous pretence of the Dean of Westminster is worth making, but it should and could be made much more quickly. A really good play in a season of nonsense.

"Prince Igor," at Covent Garden

The production of "Prince Igor" at Covent Garden cannot be described as a happy one. Borodin's opera needs very sympathetic handling and great care must be taken to extract the full virtue out of the vital passages in order to make one overlook the frequent lack of any real musical interest. Unless the protagonists are very forceful and convincing singers and unless the choruses are given their full weight of magnificence the opera goes for nothing. On this occasion Mr. Eugene Goossens did his best with what seemed like an inadequately prepared and under-rehearsed production. Evidently the chief attention had been given to the ballet which was removed from its proper place to make a more effective finale. It was very well done by Col. de Basil's company, but could not compensate for the general deficiences of the production from a musical point of view.

"To Have and to Hold," at the Haymarket

This is an old-fashioned play, with a less old-fashioned moral. The wife is about to elope with a lover when her husband is crippled; and consequently the loving pair give up their escape but not their love. The lover's daughter, jealous of her father's mistress, tries to blackmail the guilty pair into separating. But the husband reveals that he is aware of the relation and wishes it to continue. Mr. Lionel Brown had a good idea when he made a *mari complaisant* the hero of his play. Our judges occasionally indulge in emotional outbursts against such husbands, but they are neither infrequent nor ignoble: they are merely sensible. If you are fond of your wife, you probably prefer her infidelity to her absence. The Censor is to be congratulated on, for the first time, we believe, allowing a playwright to illustrate this obvious truth. Unfortunately the author has explored only very shallowly the possibilities of his subject. The play is written rather in the manner of Pinero, and is what you can call either "theatrically effective" or "hopelessly unreal." The actors do not have an easy time, for the playwright is intent upon situation almost to the exclusion of character. The daughter is the only clearly drawn personage, and Miss Dorothy Hyson not only looked very pretty, but produced just the voice and intonation required. Mr. Keneth Kent, as the husband, gave the best performance, Miss Marie Ney and Mr. Hartley Power played the lovers with a skilful sobriety. A pair of comical hunting folk called de Winter do not add to the general happiness of this entertainment. Miss Glitters, in Surtees, started in a circus; but Roberta de Winter reminds one of Mr. Belcher's charladies. This play is more competent than most, but cannot be recommended to anyone born since the Crimean War.

"The Road to '37"

This Exhibition (at No. 1 Doughty Street, W.C.1, open from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day till June 26th) is of a very unusual kind, and it has been admirably arranged by Collet's Bookshops and Mr. G. D. H. Cole. It contains a large number of books, posters, newspapers and cartoons (mainly from Mr. Cole's own collection), showing the progress of the working class struggle for freedom and democracy during the past 175 years—from Wilkes and the early Radical movement down to the General Strike of 1926. Enthusiastic students must not, of course, mistake the place for a library and think to turn over the pages of first editions of Tom Paine or Cobbett; but they can get their money's worth from a variety of diverting, and often daring, pictures. The purpose, or one of the purposes, of the exhibition is, we are old, to instruct and stimulate the Left-wing. But Right-wingers also, and No-wingers, will get plenty of profit and enjoyment from this gallery. And even members of the Blimp family will do themselves no harm by putting in an hour or two at it; it only costs *6d.* for admission—or half that for pre-arranged parties of six or more—and they can, if they are afraid of being corrupted, cut the lectures which are given each evening at 6.30 (except Sunday) by authorities on one or another aspect of the subject.

TRIPLE
SHELL
LUBRICATING OIL

officially
recommended
by
Austin

"Ingres to Picasso" at Rosenberg and Helft's

This exhibition includes Cézanne's water-colours, a very fine example of Renoir's last manner, an exquisite Seurat sketch, a good Van Gogh, one of the best Boudins we have ever seen (2 in the catalogue), handsome Braques, a Picasso painted in 1901, a gorgeous Bonnard, and a pair of Jongkinds looking rather like girl-guides that have somehow got mixed up in the Trooping of the Colour. The two most remarkable, though not most covetable, pictures, are a Gauguin and an Ingres. The former is a portrait painted when the artist was at Arles with Van Gogh, and is the best Gauguin we have ever seen, showing a subtlety of colour and design, and a seriousness, which are rare in his work. The Ingres is a head, painted when the artist was eighty-two, unattractive perhaps at first sight, but a masterpiece of draughtsmanship. It comes from the Cologne Museum, and is one of the wicked unGerman pictures which the Nazis have begun to expel from their national collections. Its beauty grows the longer you examine it. Can we hope that it will remain in England?

The Philadelphia Ballet Company, at the Hippodrome

Is any ballet better than none? Evidently not, we felt, as we watched the Philadelphia Ballet Company executing a ballet called *The Fairy Doll.* By a singular coincidence the story, like that of *La Boutique Fantasque*, showed parents and children in a toy shop, and the toys coming to life at night after the closing of the shop. But, alas, the choreography was not Massine's, the decor was not Derain's, the music was not Rossini's and the dancing was not that of Diaghileff's or Col. de Basil's company. *Barn Dance* was a ballet suggested by American country dances, and while its boisterousness might seem monotonous to the sophisticated, it suited the talents of the company, who danced with great gusto. *Terminal*, which completed the programme, was a jazz ballet showing commuters, divorcées, piccaninnies, a crooner, a film-star and her husbands passing through a railway station. This was well up to the standard of the ballets which occur in West End revues. Philadelphia shows great enterprise in supporting its own ballet, and we wish English cities outside London would follow its example. But Miss Catherine Littlefield, who calls herself "directrice" as well as *première danseuse* and choreographer, would perhaps be wise to delegate to others some of her activities. The Hippodrome audience, however, was troubled by no such considerations, and its applause proved conclusively that in its eyes any ballet was in effect a great deal better than none.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, June 19th—
  League of Arts: "The Peasant Cantata," Ballet from "Ariadne in Naxos" and "Khan Kontchak," Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
SUNDAY, June 20th—
  Horace J. Bridges on "President Roosevelt and the Supreme Court," Conway Hall, 11.
  Peace Week in St. Marylebone. Till 27th.
  "The Man Who Meant Well," Arts.
MONDAY, June 21st—
  League of Nations Union Demonstration on "How to Stop the War in Spain," Queen's Hall, 8. Tickets from 15 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.
  A. Kohn on "Democracy and Socialism in Spain," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
  "Victoria Regina," Lyric.
TUESDAY, June 22nd—
  "Three Set Out," Embassy.
WEDNESDAY, June 23rd—
  Concert in Aid of L.N.U. (Kensington), Kings College, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. 8.30. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., and 3s. 6d.
  "Floodlight," Saville.
THURSDAY, June 24th—
  International Meeting on "Spain and Culture," in aid of the Basque Children. Speakers: Picasso, Heinrich Mann, Prof. Langevin, and Prof. Constable, Royal Albert Hall, 8. Tickets from 53 Marsham Street, S.W.1.
  St. Marylebone Peace Week Meeting, Besant Hall, 8.
FRIDAY, June 25th—
  Holborn Ctte. for Spanish Medical Aid Meeting. Speakers: Mrs. Leah Manning, Dr. Audrey Russell, Prof. P. M. S. Blackett and Mr. Stephen Spender, Conway Hall. 8.
  "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," Glyndebourne Mozart Festival.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Sir Richard Grenville of the Revenge is a national legend and Mr. A. L. Rowse has shown courage in choosing him as the hero of a book (Cape, *12s. 6d.*) which, since he is an historian, deals with realities rather than with legends. Most of us can probably remember no more of Sir Richard than such Tennysonian scraps as:

> Ringed round with shot and shell
> Into the jaws of hell
> Somehow he blundered.

With possibly a doubt about the lines:

> Dons to the right of him,
> Dons to the left of him.

And we do not like any risk of our sacred preconceptions being disturbed by the iconoclastic researches of a Fellow of All Souls. All we know or care is that at Flores in the Azores (right at last), ringed round by enemies, Sir Richard Grenville fought on, and that when we were schoolboys his heroism was mystically satisfying to us, an incident in the same class as Nelson struck down on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, Gordon abandoned by the inexorable Gladstone, or the charge of the Light Brigade. These are emotionally the high spots of our patriotic feeling and each of them was totally unnecessary, indeed a foolish mistake. That is what gives the lump in the throat. Chapter after chapter in the history book is occupied with involved wranglings over forgotten and mistaken points of national advantage or prestige; suddenly we read of the brave man who fights on, wounded in a dozen places, with the courage of a lion, and we feel the sordid dirt of wars fought for slaves, or oil, to sell opium or maintain a poll tax, has been purged by tragedy. For this reason I suspect that such legends as the fight of the one and the fifty-three are psychologically essential and that certain heroic actions, or hideous atrocities, are selected almost arbitrarily to serve as mystical emblems of patriotic feeling. The great national heroes are, therefore, in their nature the best subjects for "debunking." Mr. Rowse would, I feel sure, be horrified at the idea of "debunking" Grenville; at the same time, it has proved impossible for him to write a strictly historical book without doing so. This dilemma has resulted in a curious duality in the book. Mr. Rowse worships the tribal god whom it is his business, as an historian, to exhibit impartially. This duality appears in such judgments as:

> It is not without significance that his very first appearance upon the public scene was an act of manslaughter. No doubt it was an accident . . .

Again, he tells us that there is no evidence that there was any gallantry to women in Grenville's nature, and, protesting too much, expands this negative evidence:

> Marriage was a business. . . . The Elizabethan attitude on this subject was a robuster one than ours. In this he was like what we know of all the great sea-captains of the age. They do not appear to have wasted much time or thought upon sex. . . . This is as true of Drake or Hawkins as it is of Grenville.

Mr. Rowse omits to tell us that the less robust Ralegh ruined his career by a love match and remained passionately devoted to his wife. The robuster Elizabethan attitude may be fairly judged by Donne's poems and Bishop King's Exequy, and a thousand and one other instances of those who wasted time and thought upon sex.

* * *

Mr. Rowse has, however, written an important book which adds much to the scanty knowledge of Grenville. He has found in that rich hunting-ground of the Record Office the particulars of a four-cornered affray in which Grenville killed his man and fled, and for which he was pardoned. He has found the Spanish report of the last fight of the *Revenge*. And he has gathered up from every source records of marriages and mortgages, wills and lawsuits, in which the Grenvilles are involved. But far more important than this, he has given an extremely vivid picture of the years in the West Country leading up to the Armada and its defeat. He describes the changes brought about by continued privateering and piracy against the Spanish colonies and their effects in increasing the persecution of the Catholics. His picture of Grenville is convincing, even though, from poverty of materials, it is rather in the flat. The Grenvilles were Normans, the great people of Bideford, where they had been settled soon after the Conquest; they had intermarried with all the gentry of Cornwall. It would have clarified these cousinships if Mr. Rowse had included a genealogical table. Grenville's grandfather was a pushing man who served Henry VIII and addressed a long letter to Thomas Cromwell, the gist of which was that he was anxious to buy Church lands cheap so "that his heirs may be of the same mind for their own profit." As Mr. Rowse says:

> The letter is a superb piece of unconscious self-portraiture: the cool self-interest of it identified with the greater glory of Christ; the candid and correct assumption that the possession of church lands would commit later generations to the Suppression.

Mr. Rowse notices in Grenville himself a godliness of language which was no hindrance to a pragmatic attitude to telling the truth—declaring the value of a prize at 50,000 ducats when the owner's figure was 120,000. Grenville had every reason to be violently anti-Catholic. When he was a child his grandparents had been maltreated by a mob of Catholic Cornishmen; he was the heir to Church lands; his wife was nearly captured by the native Irish; he lost money in Ireland, and made money by equipping privateering or piratical vessels, and then putting forward legal quibbles, and committing such perjury as would keep him the profits. Thus a vessel was given a Huguenot captain so it could seize French ships as well as Spanish. Meanwhile, as Sheriff of Cornwall, Grenville initiated violent action against the Catholic families which won approval at Court. Of greater interest was his project for sending an expedition into the South Seas to search for the North-West Passage, a voyage of discovery camouflaging intentions to raid the towns of Spanish South America. The moment for this was politically unpropitious, but some years later Drake carried a similar project to a triumphant conclusion and circumnavigated the globe. On his return he bought Buckland Abbey and Grenville retired to Bideford. Grenville may have felt jealousy at Drake's success, and his biographer seems to share it when he speaks of "Drake reaping where Grenville had sown," and exclaims, "the score against Drake was mounting up," after he rescued the colonists planted by Grenville in Virginia—who were bitterly hostile to him. Mr. Rowse gives an extremely good account of these plantations of "Ralegh's men," the last of which was left to its fate by a supply party which came within a few miles of them and then sailed away never to return.

* * *

In the Armada, Grenville stayed on land while his ships and his son served under Drake's command. Perhaps it was lucky. Grenville was not nearly so experienced a seaman. When Drake met with a reverse and Grenville was given a command, he was too violent-tempered to show the Spaniards a clean pair of heels and so blundered into the immortal sea-fight. The violence hateful in life became sublime; he wanted to blow up the ship rather than surrender, and his last words, as he lay dying of his wounds, were a vehement reproach to his company for behaving like dogs and traitors. As Mr. Rowse says in another connection:

> The violence was not entirely due to the rawness or crudity of the times. It was Grenville's way of doing things.

Grenville was a keen business man, with a legal training, who continually lent money to his wife's relations on good security and then foreclosed on the properties. Only his death made him great. The first account of it was by his cousin, Ralegh, and is alive with his genius.

DAVID GARNETT

MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE

Ladies and Gentlemen in Victorian Fiction. By E. M. DELAFIELD. *Hogarth Press.* 10s. 6d.

This book is most disappointing. It does credit neither to its subject nor to its author. It is ill-planned, carelessly executed and misleadingly entitled. It is made up chiefly of quotations, more than half of which are taken from Charlotte Yonge, while more than a third of the others are from Elizabeth Wetherell. These two ladies—one of whom was an American—are oddly chosen representatives of Victorian fiction. There is all too much truth in the gibe that English 19th century novels were all written for schoolgirls, but is that an excuse for quoting almost exclusively from the most "improving" and schoolgirlish authors? If one wishes to study Victorian ladies and gentlemen, George Eliot, Trollope and Disraeli are more trustworthy sources. Miss Delafield's reading appears from this book to be quite inadequate for her project—or is it that her supply of scissors and paste gave out? Even the authors whom she has drawn upon could have been represented by more effective and entertaining quotations.

The Victorian Age is extraordinarily puzzling. In the fiction even of its greatest writers, extreme prudery is observed—so much so that Dickens and Thackeray, to say nothing of secondary writers like Trollope and Mrs. Gaskell, appear often to be childish or dishonest when compared with their Continental contemporaries. Yet Frenchmen who came to London were amazed by a spectacle unparalleled upon the Continent, for they were seized upon in the streets by an army of child-prostitutes. The English reputation for hypocrisy was based upon excellent foundations. Actually the extreme brutality of English working-class life was an important cause of English middle-class prudery. The bourgeoisie sought first to distinguish itself as markedly as possible from the surrounding savages (upon whose labours it was growing fat), and secondly to make these savages less dangerous by missionary endeavours. The terror excited by the Chartists was not entirely or even mainly economic. It was a terror partly justified by the ferocity, filth, drunkenness and brutal vice of a populace living in inconceivably degrading circumstances. Without some knowledge of this background it is impossible to understand either the Evangelical Movement or the Victorian novel.

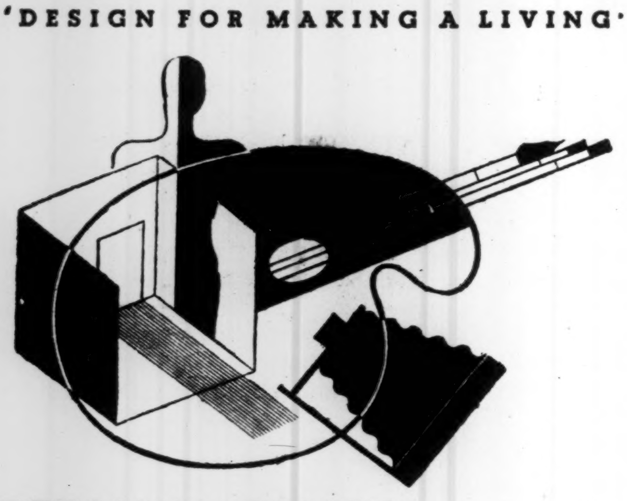
In her introduction Miss Delafield writes:

> No apology will be offered by me for quoting so enormously from the works of the late Charlotte M. Yonge. Her family-chronicle novels rank higher than the books of almost any other minor Victorian novelist, in their detailed descriptions and careful and accurate accounts of the middle-class and upper-middle-class home-life of her day. (It was a long day, too. She wrote steadily from 1844 to 1901.)

But are these accounts accurate? Are they not rather day-dreams with a moral? There were no doubt homes in which morality was remorselessly and incessantly inculcated, in which children who showed high spirits were first made to feel guilty of offending God and breaking their parents' hearts, then well thrashed, and finally deprived of such small pleasures as they had been looking forward to for months. But anyone who has known well persons born round the eighteen-fifties must be aware that this was unusual. People now seem to think that Mrs. Browning's father was a typical Victorian, whereas he was of course a most exceptional neurotic, such as you might find even in these enlightened days. Children were, it is true, expected to treat their parents with deference, formality and obedience; girls were very carefully chaperoned (on the assumption, apparently, that if two persons of different sex were left alone together they would immediately copulate); wives, partly owing to the laws about married women's property, were often obliged to affect a subservience to their husbands which they neither felt nor acted upon. The prudery, even in the most progressive circles, was such as to-day we find difficult to imagine. But if you trust the accounts of survivors from that age, rather than the moralising novelists, you conclude that seventy years ago children enjoyed themselves and wives got their own way almost as often as they do now. If Miss Delafield had told her readers a little about Miss Yonge's life, they would be in less danger of mistaking the picture presented by her novels for a general truth.

Her *Life and Letters*, edited by Christabel Coleridge, is a disappointing and inadequate book, yet it makes abundantly clear her extreme remoteness from the ordinary currents of life. Her father, the son of a well-connected clergyman, was an Army officer who retired on half-pay when he married at the age of twenty-seven. A stern, religious, puritanical man, he brought up his daughter with a strictness admitted to be unusual, and impressed himself violently upon her imagination. (A Freudian fixation is the likely explanation of her shrinking shyness as well as of her celibacy.) He had only one other child, a son six years younger than Charlotte. The lonely little girl watched with envy the gaiety of a large family of cousins, and invented dream-playfellows, of which the prodigious families in her books are descendants. When she was thirteen, Keble became curate of the local church (which had been designed by her father). He prepared her for Confirmation, and impressed her for ever in the mould of that early Tractarian piety which was no less severe than Evangelicalism. One reviewer has referred to Miss Yonge's "impeccably Broad Church outlook." Nothing could be more inaccurate. She was rigidly High, and regarded all Latitudinarianism with disgust. She devoted the profits of several of her books to Missionary Societies, and edited various pious periodicals such as *Mothers in Council* and the *Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching.* She had a gift for teaching children, but she could not talk with ease to any member of the lower classes, though she lived all her life in the country, where such neighbourliness has always been usual. Her admiring biographer admits frankly that "she easily accepted limitations, social, intellectual and practical, regarding them as safeguards rather than hindrances." She was in fact an abnormally timid woman, who enjoyed unnecessarily delicate health, who shrank from contact with anyone who did not share her particular beliefs, and who took refuge in the dream-world of her novels. But she was formidable as well as timid, for her views were as decided as they were narrow. She detested Radicals and Feminists, and thought Mr. Gladstone almost as deplorable as Dean Stanley. Through her Coleridge cousins, and the Moberlys and Heathcotes, she maintained a slender connection with the intellectual world. She even was a guest in Normandy of M. Guizot, who admired her books and whose senile amours with the Princesse de Lieven had presumably never been brought to her attention. This was her only visit to the Continent, and she seems to have gone very rarely to London. She suffered all her life from morbid anxiety, imagining

'DESIGN FOR MAKING A LIVING'



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possible disasters like those which are so frequent in her novels. And her views at the age of seventy-seven seem to have remained those not so much of Mr. Keble as of Mr. Keble's confirmation candidate.

It was Keble who encouraged Miss Yonge to cultivate her story-telling gifts and devote them to the service of Anglicanism. She won a prodigiously popular success in 1853 with *The Heir of Redclyffe*, which excited astonishing enthusiasm alike in Tractarian rectories, in pre-Raphaelite studios, and in the officers' messes in the Crimea. In all she wrote 160 books, including history books for children and imitation Waverley novels—she was a keen student of history. After *The Heir of Redclyffe*, the most successful of her novels were *The Daisy Chain*, *Heartsease*, *The Pillars of the House*, *The Trial* and *Dynevor Terrace*. The most remarkable and entertaining tribute to her talents is to be found in the standard *Life of Tennyson*. In 1867 the poet went to Devonshire with Palgrave. They arrived at the inn at Princetown, and, Palgrave continues:

> One bedroom with two huge four-posters was allotted us: and Tennyson lay in his with a candle, reading hard the book which on this trip he had taken for his novel-companion, and at every disengaged moment opened whilst rambling over the Moor. This chanced to be one of Miss Yonge's deservedly popular tales, wherein a leading element is the deferred Church Confirmation of a grown-up person. On Tennyson read, till I heard him cry with satisfaction, "I see land! Mr. —— is just going to be confirmed!" after which, darkness and slumber.

There are, I hope, still some schoolrooms in which her novels excite interest and amused affection. But her mild heroines, whose wildest adventure is to take a train alone or to found a Sunday school, have been generally replaced in the hearts of the young by madcap addicts of the hockey-stick and lacrosse-bat. Her novels have the faults usual in Victorian fiction: they are often diffuse and shapeless. Many of them were published serially, and the story could always be prolonged for another six months by an accident, an illness, or a misunderstanding. The death-rate in Miss Yonge is even higher than in the other Victorians. If a youth becomes a sailor, it is in order that he may be drowned; if he becomes an engineer, it is that he may be incinerated in a cauldron; if a mother goes for a drive, it is that the carriage may overturn and kill her. Declines are ubiquitous. Indeed, illness and death in the Victorian Age seem to have been at least as exciting as adultery and sadism are to-day. In Miss Yonge's books, as in the journal of Queen Victoria and the Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley, the death of a relation is the occasion for effusions of almost erotic emotionalism. The kick now procured by the picture-paper, the thriller and the film was then furnished by whispering at the sick-room door, viewing the beloved remains, and visiting the grave. The Victorian novelists were all restricted in their themes, and Keble forbade Miss Yonge to deal even with insanity and drunkenness; so she was left with pain and death, which she used lavishly—and not only as pretexts for moral teaching. She had a remarkable gift for characterisation, she had a remarkable understanding of children (they excited her sense of humour as well as her affection), she had a remarkable facility in the invention and use of incident, but it is the mixture in her works of the morbid and the goody-goody which gives them their peculiar flavour.

Her morality is, of course, insistent and characteristic. A child of eleven is destined for the Navy. But in a rash moment he takes some shillings from a money-box and is consequently refused the career on which he had set his heart. Parents are infallible. The heroine, for instance, of *The Daisy Chain* (who is in part a self-portrait) is extremely short-sighted; and after her mother's death her brother says: "I wonder you don't wear spectacles." "'Dear Mamma did not like me to use them,' she replied in a low voice." Keeping from a little girl the means of sight seems to modern eyes more wicked, because more certain to do permanent damage, than surrendering her to the attentions of an elderly satyr. But Miss Yonge has no doubt that dear Mamma's wish should be obeyed. In such glimpses we plumb the gulf between the Victorians and ourselves.

Miss Yonge's novels undoubtedly illustrate the ideals of an important section of 19th century society, but their documentary as well as their artistic value is diminished by their painful insistence upon edification. Most Victorians, after all, did not live in a vicarage; and even those who did cannot often have behaved like Miss Yonge's characters. Mrs. Cruse's admirable study *The Victorians and their Books* (Allen and Unwin, 12*s.* 6*d.*), shows us the taste for which the 19th century novelists catered. But a useful companion volume entitled *The Victorians and Their Lives* could, I think, be compiled from newspapers, memoirs and law-reports, which would reveal the aspects of Victorian life which the novelists almost unanimously took care to evade. There is room, in fact, for a book on Victorian ladies and gentlemen in life; there is room for a book on Victorian ladies and gentlemen in fiction; there is room for a serious study of Miss Yonge that would use the documents which must exist to add to our regrettably slender knowledge of her life. But I cannot see that there is any room for the ramshackle jerry-built volume which Miss Delafield has allowed so surprisingly to appear over her distinguished name.

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Star Begotten. By H. G. WELLS. *Chatto and Windus.* 6*s.*
The Outward Room. By MILLEN BRAND. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Cradle of Life. By LOUIS ADAMIC. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
A Time to Remember. By LEANE ZUGSMITH. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Only Rose and Other Tales. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. *Cape.* Travellers' Library. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Wells is the most persuasive of living writers. Like a good speaker he has the feel of his audience, he knows that we sigh for a sane world of unlimited possibilities. He catches us on the full wave of our wish. He knows, and we know, that it is preposterous for men to be intelligent very often, that the very preposterousness of the wish has its own pleasure; and when he concocts a rumour—he is a dealer in rumours, hypotheses and the marvellously undocumented—that the Martians are sending out rays to affect human mutations and that secretly a new race, more decided, intelligent and ruthless than ourselves, is springing up among us, he not only confirms a wish but gives an uneasy feeling that he is, allegorically, right. Mr. Wells has often been irresponsible, but *Star Begotten* is the most mature of his fantasies. He sees, for example, that if we are entering upon a period of ruthlessness, sanity will be as ruthless as insanity—and one of the sane, the Star-begotten, might let the knife slip if he is conducting a major operation on the body of a tyrant.

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In most of his fantasies and visions of the future Mr. Wells has been impatient of the present situation or of the immediate future; in this book he is more aware of both. We do not come to the end of it puffed like men who have been running too far and too fast; he has shortened the course and intensified the purpose. And though the club fireplace and all the other rather tiresome impedimenta of this kind of fantasy convention are in the book, it rises in one chapter—the one describing the effect of the Martian idea upon Lord Thunderclap, a press lord—to a high point of satire and psychological penetration. "Marvellous how the press can make almost anything—unbelievable." (That is its function in our kind of plutocracy.) There is a description of the course of a press campaign:

> In the life of Lord Thunderclap two days are as a thousand years. The bright surface of his great disclosure was dulled by familiarity. The preparatory articles, announcements and so forth, became less and less a preparation and more and more and more like the wailing and booming of a receding school of ichthyosaurii heard through the twilight of the past.

If Mr. Wells's visions of the Promised Land have sometimes read like a hiker's guide to the Booking Hall at Piccadilly Circus, his gift for blasting the present with a phrase is unsurpassed even by Mr. Shaw's.

And he still has under his wing the little man with a vision. Political tendencies in literature being at the moment almost exclusively left-wing, the novelists increasingly plump for the ordinary man and his ordinary situation until ordinariness is given a kind of sanctity. Mr. Wells and others of his generation were fond of the ordinary man, but they did not mean the peasant or the carpenter or the man in the mine. These ordinary men had visions: comic visions in shops—the middle class laughing at itself; argumentative visions in clubs—the middle class justifying itself; fantastic visions in laboratories—the middle class assuring itself that it was the whole human race and its future. Life in the past fifty years or more had, in fact, been putting this kind of ordinary man in extraordinary situations and had been giving robust individualism astonishing opportunities. And Mr. Wells added fantastic visions to the fantastic life. How far this life and these visions are from the lives and passions of the other kind of ordinary man who is becoming the subject of novels to-day may be judged from the fact that suffering in any serious sense is unknown to the unsanctified egoists who are Mr. Wells's chief characters.

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Mr. Adamic belongs to a younger generation and for him the ordinary man is the peasant. His peasant is no saint—the earlier chapters of *Cradle of Life* describe the child murder industry carried on in Austria before the war, but contact with the peasant will bring redemption. The book, written in the form of an autobiography, is really a statement that religion and art are "escapes" and that a proper reintegration of a neurotic personality can be achieved only by immolation in the struggle of the humble. This kind of proposition has been made the basis of many bad propagandist novels, but Mr. Adamic's book is on a far higher plane. The story at first glance looks like Victorian melodrama. Rudek is a *fashook*—that is to say, a bastard child sent to a peasant foster mother. These women, ground down by the midwives, murder most of the children they are sent, but Rudek is spared. He grows up in peasant poverty and then, when he is about ten, he is discovered to be the grandson of the Emperor and is given the education of an aristocrat. He is a youth whose natural responses have been injured first by the abandonment by his real mother—their meeting later on is ingeniously treated—and by his exile from his foster mother; the consequences—solitude, religion, and art—are expressively and fervently shown. Mr. Adamic is always "with" Rudek; if he wrings the most exquisite or most brutal agony from him, he pours into him the fullest happiness. So many political novels are like painful solos on a Boy Scout's bugle; so many purely psychological novels recall the struggles of a baritone next door heard through the wall. Mr. Adamic is symphonic. Here the lesser characters are conditioned by history, and Rudek, the chosen piece, undergoes the further process of experiencing all his time can give him. And at the end of the book, when he has married his peasant wife, there is no comfortable assurance that this is a final solution for him. The girl's brother is politically awakened and the Great War is just about to begin. Imagination and economic man have been fused together and the only general criticism might be that the book as a whole is too sympathetic, too suave an explanation and insufficiently a telling of the story. The prose is uneven.

Mr. Adamic may have drawn upon those words of Flaubert which Miss Sarah Orne Jewett used to keep pinned above her desk in the fading grandeur of her house in Maine: "Ecrire la vie ordinaire comme on écrit l'histoire" and "Ce n'est pas de faire rire—mais d'agir à la façon de la nature, c'est à dire de faire rêver." Miss Jewett was an American novelist who died in 1906, and *The Only Rose* is a collection of some of the stories about the country folk of Maine and New England—before immigration changed those states—which made her one of the most notable contributors to *The Atlantic Monthly*. Miss Rebecca West's forthright and clever introduction clears a place for this charming period piece. It is not cottagy stuff—Miss Jewett was a civilised woman—and it has the quiet stubborn intent to survive in its corner. Here again are ordinary people, the small rural folk, observed, as some of the New England writers knew how to observe them, with a peculiarly fresh friendliness and shrewdness. The sketches are mainly of women. There is an old herb gatherer telling with a comic chuckle of a trial marriage; there are two women sitting up all night "watching" the body of a dead woman lying upstairs; there are glimpses of sudden new religions and gauche prayer meetings oddly contenting to their congregations. *Miss Tempy's Watchers* is a masterpiece of its kind.

The Outward Room is also an intelligent American novel, but in the sharper rhythm of our time. In a sense Mr. Brand has written on Mr. Adamic's theme, but in a different key. A young woman who is undergoing psycho-analytical treatment in an asylum, for a disorder which has been caused by her brother's death, is shown winning her way to sanity. Psycho-analysis fails or appears to reach an *impasse*; analysts might claim, in view of later developments, that analysis succeeds. The woman runs away, is down and out in New York and is "redeemed" by falling in love with a workman and being forced to face life from the lowest rung of the ladder. The story is most skilfully told. There was an echo, I thought, of *Carl and Anna* in its simplicity and the economy of narrative. The public trained on detective fiction might try this book; the search for the cause of mental illness under psychological guidance has all the fascination and suspense of detection. The love story is plain, candid and affecting. It seems to me that the experiences the young woman had must have been exactly what she needed and

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that the application of the parable to our society is adroit. (This is because it is implicit. The author makes no speeches.) Where one hesitates is at the end. That other death is abrupt. It is the pat solution. One saw it coming. In such a moral book it is brutally immoral: if the Lord had *not* stopped Abraham from sacrificing Isaac at the last moment we should have thought His behaviour a trifle whimsical for the Book of Genesis. And, on general grounds, there is one important qualification to be made after one has noted all the considerable merits of a case history; people are always *more* than any system of laws which can be said to determine their lives.

The last book is a realistic story of labour agitations in America. There is nothing *à faire rêver* in *A Time to Remember*. Here are ordinary people in all their ordinariness as you might have seen and heard them if you had been in New York at the time—chiefly as you might have heard them, only you would have stopped listening a long time ago. You have waited for someone to give it all significance and Mr. Zugsmith thought that if he chopped it into lengths under various character headings that would do. V. S. PRITCHETT

MURDER TRIALS

Rex *v.* Rhodes: The Brighton Murder Trial. Edited by BRUCE HAMILTON. *Boriswood.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Trial of Buck Ruxton. Edited by R. H. BLUNDELL and G. HASWELL WILSON. Notable British Trials Series. *Hodge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Grand Larceny, being the Trial of Jane Leigh Perrot, Aunt of Jane Austen. Edited by SIR F. D. MACKINNON. *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Of these trials, two actual and one imaginary, *Rex* v. *Rhodes* has the advantage of being written in the 1950's. Europe has passed through Fascism into a faultless Communism and murder trials together with bourgeois justice have gone the way of all flesh. The introduction looks back pityingly on our own times when "the newspapers of the day had columns to spare for a Hindu doctor who had cut up his wife and maidservant at Lancaster"; such space, in 1950, being reserved presumably for the more genteel exposure of treason and sabotage. There is an excellent account of the Fascist interregnum during the 1940's in England. Mosley's Blackshirts are succeeded by a popular movement called the National Youth, borrowing its khaki shirts and ideals from the Boy Scouts.

> Starting innocently enough in 1938 as a nation-wide rambling, cycling, and correspondence club, with no more sinister objective than the breaking down of class and social barriers between the middle and working classes, it acquired its political character almost imperceptibly. At first a music-hall joke, in a few months it had a membership running into millions, and a political programme which was stated boldly enough, even if the detail was indifferently clear. It recruited heavily from members of the British Legion, Toc H, and the Buchmanite groupers.

The leader is a former Y.M.C.A. secretary and B.B.C. announcer, and the more sadistic activities of the movement are concealed beneath a faintly Sunday-school exterior. Nine-tenths of the Labour Party have gone over, leaving only the Communists in opposition. "Its Socialism is a British Socialism which, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald once wrote, is the child of Robert Owen rather than Karl Marx." This seems only too dismally probable a picture. The trial itself—a Communist accused of murdering a storm-troop leader in Brighton—is convincing enough but hardly exciting. The method of the verbatim report reduces incident and satire to a minimum. Both the accused and the murdered man are carefully whitewashed, the politics seem dull, Brighton might be Eastbourne, and it is not till the end of the trial that we discover the jury has been packed. All through in fact the underlying suggestion that the trial is a monstrous piece of crypto-Fascism, in which the police, the jury, and the Attorney-General play their part, is only half borne out by the evidence. "The atmosphere in the court was one of simmering passion that occasionally boiled over," we are told in an afterword, but that is hardly the impression one gets from reading the book. Those who enjoy the Notable British Trials Series, on which it is modelled, and who look forward to the sort of history imagined by Mr. Hamilton, will find *Rex* v. *Rhodes* readable and instructive. It is well done, but rather blank in its message and at times curiously irritating. We learn for example that in 194– Mussolini retired and was officially deified; no word about Stalin who, if alive, would certainly have received the same treatment.

To return to the bourgeois era, *The Trial of Buck Ruxton* is interesting chiefly for the medical evidence and the behaviour of the murderer. Ruxton, it will be remembered, an Indian doctor living in Lancaster, murdered his wife and servant, cut up their bodies and deposited the pieces in a ravine near the Carlisle-Edinburgh road. Much care had been taken to make these remains unidentifiable. The skill with which they were fitted together by experts and identified as the bodies of the two missing women was remarkable. Indeed, when once the medical evidence had been revealed, and Ruxton had tried to defend his version of the disappearance, there remained only one mystery in the case—the cyclops eye discovered with the bodies. This, the relic of some monstrous birth, probably a pig's, was ingeniously used by the defence to substantiate Ruxton's story that the servant had gone away to procure an abortion, though there was no evidence of pregnancy. Possibly Ruxton had put it there for that purpose. It raised a momentary gruesome doubt in an already gruesome case. But how eagerly, how childishly even, Ruxton defended himself in the box. There are some murderers who preserve an inscrutable stupidity in the face of the most damning evidence; but Ruxton was frankness itself. He kept nothing back except his guilt. And though his crime was so repellent, he had attractive qualities. In different circumstances, one can imagine him spontaneous, friendly and charming. His hysteria took the form of insane jealousy; after the murders he exploded into talk. One feels some sympathy for him. This book, by the way, like the rest of the series, is admirably edited and presented.

Though only accused of stealing a length of lace, Mrs. Leigh Perrot also faced the possibility of a death sentence. The accusation was made by a Bath tradesman in 1779; he had slipped the lace into her parcel before she left the shop. But Mrs. Perrot was well off and even if she had been found guilty it is quite unlikely that she would have been hanged. Grand Larceny, it is true, was punishable by death (and still was into the nineteenth century), but with so harsh a law a jury, despite the evidence, could reduce the charge to Petit Larceny by refusing to admit that the stolen property, however valuable, was worth more than a shilling. Nevertheless, Mrs. Perrot spent nine months in jail and a good deal of money before being acquitted. She had

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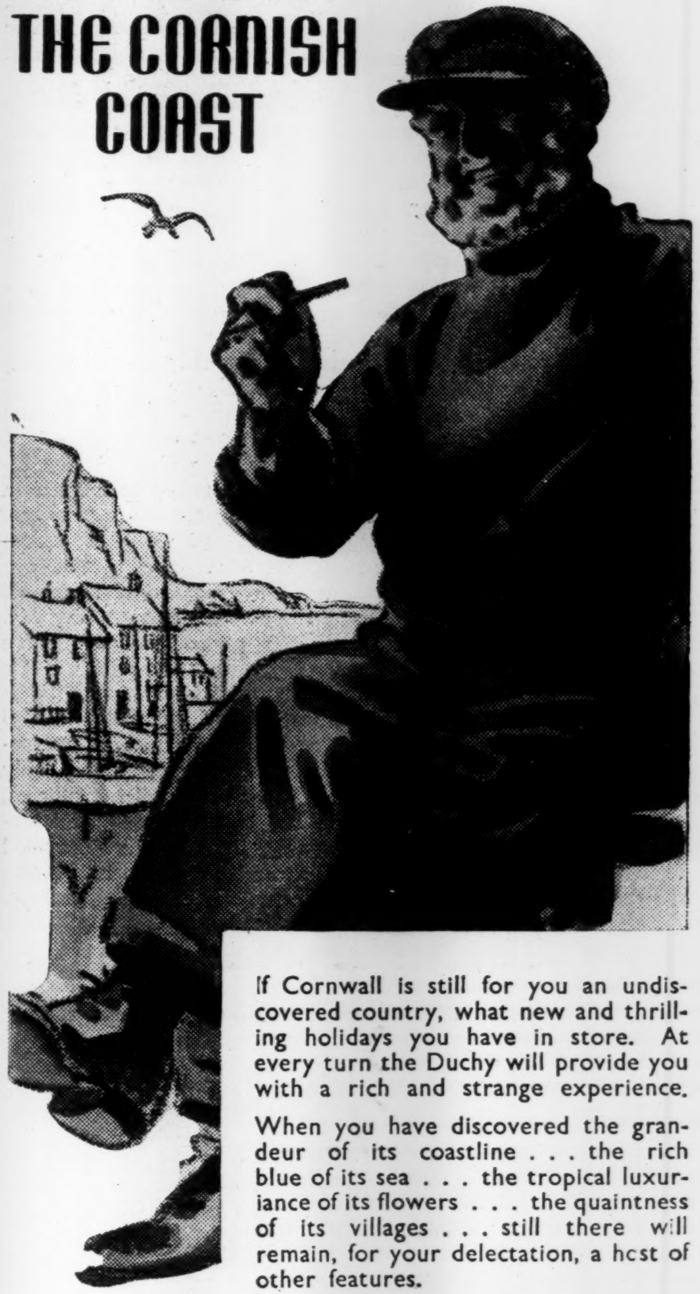

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the advantage, with posterity, of being an aunt of Jane Austen, and Mr. Justice MacKinnon has dug out her case with fascinating detail. We get a lively picture of the lady herself, of Bath, prisons, assize courts, witnesses, even down to the names of the jurymen. The trial is reprinted from an old pamphlet. Some strange abuses are revealed—the oddest perhaps being that imprisoned debtors without a penny were given no food and had to pay the gaoler 14*s.* 4*d.* for their release. Mrs. Perrot had to put up with a great deal of discomfort and suspense for a charge which would now involve ten minutes in a magistrate's court, but she does not seem to have been much the worse for her experience.

G. W. STONIER

INCOME AND OUTLAY

National Income and Outlay. By COLIN CLARK. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In this book the well-known statistical work of Mr. Clark has been brought up to date and very much amplified by the use of many new official and academic sources which have become available since his book on the National Income was published in 1932. The result is the appearance of a volume of truly inestimable value to all economists and to all whose minds are in any way arrested by prevalent notions about the shape, size and wealth of our modern society. Indeed, our political understanding, our fears and our aspirations turn largely upon our apprehension or lack of apprehension of a great deal of the factual data handled in this book. Yet there are two reasons why Mr. Clark's statistical tables and cautious generalisations deserve especially wide attention. First, they are trustworthy. His estimates of the National Income seem to check well with those made at various times by Professor Bowley, Sir Josiah Stamp and other eminent authorities. Whenever a figure is controversial Mr. Clark tells us so and hands us unreservedly only such results as are fairly accurate. In any case, all his sources, mostly official, are indicated, and the general mode of interpolation made known to us. Secondly, his tables are arranged in an admirably simple and understandable manner. Except for the chapter in which index numbers are discussed, and the chapter on the history of national income statistics, almost the whole of this exhaustive work is within the reach of the non-technical reader. In view of the vast amount of complicated preliminary work involved in the making of the tables, the simplicity of the final results is very remarkable.

The book contains careful analyses of the sex and age structure of the population and its probable development in the future; the distribution of the population among different occupations; the national income, determined both by earnings and by the value of total production; the distribution of the national income among the various classes of the population; the sources of savings; the importance of taxation, both local and central, with regard to the distribution of wealth and the supply of savings; changes in prices and real income; the wealth of the country at earlier periods, namely, at the end of the seventeenth century and the middle of the nineteenth century, and of prices and costs in the present day trade cycle.

In this welter of material, Mr. Clark is concerned with changes in economic welfare in the accepted Cambridge sense, and he never departs from this angle of approach. Yet the most important trends revealed by his figures give us a picture of the social organism evolving in ways that have deep historical as well as economic significance. Between 1911 and 1930 the share of "capitalists" in the national income has fallen by over 12 per cent., but the number of "capitalists," especially small ones and farmers, has fallen also very much indeed. The share of the national income taken by wage earners has remained almost stationary. On the other hand, that of the intermediate salary earners has increased a great deal. These tendencies have continued during the last few years. In other words, we are becoming increasingly bourgeois, though in a salaried, rather than a shopkeeping sense. Moreover, the number of people receiving salaries over £250 is increasing very much more rapidly than the number of those receiving less, which means that our bourgeoisdom has a tendency to be that of the motor car and road house rather than of the aspidistra. The upper middle class is growing more rapidly than the lower middle class, while the "big capitalist," as an individual person, is becoming less big. With regard to savings, Mr. Clark discovers that private savings now form a negligible proportion of total savings . . . in fact, the rich seem actually to be consuming their money capital. The savings of the country are now derived mainly from the undistributed profits of joint stock companies and from the sinking fund allocations of local authorities. The implications of this fact are immense, both for trade cycle analysis and for the history of capitalism itself. Another important conclusion of Mr. Clark's with regard to savings is that very little of the new capital saved is put into industry proper, almost all technical advance being provided for by the replacement, merely, of obsolete plant and machinery. With regard to taxation, it is interesting to see the extent to which the Government now derives its revenue from indirect, rather than direct, taxation. Taxation, during the last few years, has fallen more and more heavily upon the poor, but has been spent more and more upon them. There is a tendency for the better off poor to help the destitute, rather than for the rich to do so.

I repeat that this is a most valuable book, and no serious student either of politics or economics should be without it.

RICHARD TERRELL

3 facts

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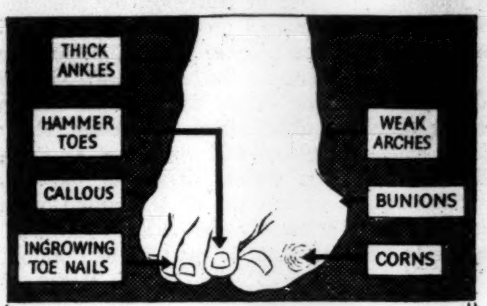

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The third of seven daughters of John Gurney of Earlham, Elizabeth was born in 1780. The Gurneys were members of the Society of Friends, but they were far from the strait sect of "plain Quakers." They lived well, were high-spirited, delighted in music, read forbidden books, and were exceedingly clannish. The bright dresses of the Gurney sisters and their behaviour in meeting were severely commented upon by the Norwich community. Elizabeth, a daring young sceptic, came at eighteen under the influence of an American Quaker, William Savery. She renounced the world, adopted the plain dress and speech, and in 1800 married Joseph Fry, who added banking to his wholesale business in tea and coffee. Their handsomely appointed house off the Poultry was a centre (for Elizabeth a very trying centre) of Quaker hospitality. Eight years after marriage Joseph inherited Plashet Hall on the edge of Epping Forest, and there for twenty years his wife presided over a large and bountiful household, with plenty of money to dispense in the village and beyond. Then Joseph Fry's banking house failed, and the husband of the most renowned of Quaker women had to submit to the humiliation of expulsion from the Society as a bankrupt. He recovered and was restored to membership, but never again put on the coat. He was a firm and generous supporter of his wife's public work, although at times protesting against her so frequent absences from home. She had the air of an ideal matron, was a genius at nursing, and in all her conduct towards brothers and sisters above praise. But she was not successful in directing her own family. One only of her eleven children remained with the Friends. Physically she was of the pure Saxon type, in manner triumphantly serene. She had a perfect voice, and her use of it in reading and speech was held to be flawless.

Elizabeth Fry belonged to that rare company of men and women for whose public service all the conditions are right. Newgate at the time of her entry was a hell, and the men prisoners thought that the women were in a lower pit than themselves. Mrs. Fry went among them alone, refusing to leave even her gold watch behind. She gained the women's confidence on the instant, opened a school for the children and older girls, and was given permission for starting all inmates on the making of garments for themselves and later for sale. The results extorted tribute from the authorities and aroused unbounded interest outside. Elizabeth Fry's method was based upon the initial Quaker principle in social service, to attack the immediate need by direct action and with the clearest intelligence attainable. She applied this method, not only in Newgate, but also to the convict ships sailing from the Thames for the Antipodes, to the coastguards' need for books, to her pioneer school for nurses, and every other task that fell to her hand. By her extreme simplicity of character, and perhaps to some extent by her own awareness of the modest range of her equipment in knowledge, she was saved entirely from spiritual pride. She remained to the end an active, sensible and gracious person, dying at 65, wholly indifferent to her fame but, as we can see, no less proud of being a Norfolk Gurney than when at twenty she had left Earlham for the home and warehouse of a merchant in the City of London.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

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THE BURIAL BUSINESS

Industrial Assurance. An Historical and Critical Study. By SIR ARNOLD WILSON, M.P. and PROFESSOR HERMAN LEVY. *Oxford University Press.* 21*s.*

In an age of advertisement and economic research, one of the largest branches of business in the country has attracted very little attention. It has succeeded to an altogether extraordinary degree in evading publicity, discussion and study, and yet the burial business has accumulated funds amounting to about £400 million and the sums assured are for nearly £1,400 million. The annual premiums collected amount to near £70 million which, together with interest on their funds and miscellaneous sums, give the offices concerned with it over £85 million a year. Members of Parliament, newspaper editors, professors of economics, know very little about it. Political parties do not refer to it in their programmes of reform; Governments shirk it, or at best merely deal with clamant abuses without removing their cause.

Sir Arnold Wilson and Professor Levy assert that industrial insurance is a social function which has important reactions upon national finance, on the household budget of the working class and on national welfare, and seeing that since Mr. Sidney Webb published his penetrating study of industrial assurance as a Supplement to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in 1915, little light has been thrown on it, they undertook the task of probing into its history and present functioning. This massive study of over 500 pages is the result, and, it should be added at once, is written briskly, interestingly, and fills the gap in our knowledge admirably. It is a notable contribution in the field of social insurance and a model study in institutional economics. It is scholarly, comprehensive, thorough and constructive.

Tracing burial benefits from the days of the guilds through the early local friendly societies, they show their colossal growth in recent decades in the hands of the large central collecting societies and more especially of the industrial assurance companies. The interest of public men and of Parliament is tracked down in parliamentary and law reports, little known pamphlets and books. Incidents in its history which have been unduly neglected, such as Defoe's scheme of a "pension office," are examined. Mr. Gladstone's famous speech when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he sponsored in 1864 the Government Annuities Bill, which empowered the Postmaster-General to carry on the business of life assurance, is rightly stressed as the first occasion on which the evils incidental to the organisation of the business are laid bare. Since then, i.e., for over seventy years, there have been two streams of criticism against it—the one directed against the many deficiencies, abuses and incidental evils, the lapses, overassurance, the pressure for increased policies, the high administrative expenses, and the other against the system itself.

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butory insurance, he was wise to avoid an open fight with the powerful vested interests, which would have imperilled his scheme. Moreover, the 1911 Act gave the Civil Service a task of administrative construction which in scale, complexity and urgency was beyond anything it had previously been called on to attempt. A new organisation had to be initiated and problems solved which had previously been ignored. It was argued that when they had established a technique for dealing with the insurance of large masses, additional benefits could be added to the scheme. None of the old objections applies to-day, and the Civil Service could now take the administration of funeral benefits in its stride.

Our authors contend that "The present system has had its day." Certainly their treatise is admirably conceived to bury the burial companies and societies; but a long and bitter fight will have to be faced. It is therefore to be hoped that a 200-page summary of this book will be prepared for the general reader. This would not, however, absolve any person really concerned about this black spot in our social life from reading the larger work.

SHORTER NOTICES

Idiot's Delight. By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD. *Scribners.* 7s. 6d.
Out of the Picture. By LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber.* 6s.

Both these plays end with bombs; before the last curtain, the wireless tells us that Paris has been destroyed, we hear the hum of approaching aeroplanes and know that everything's up. It is the Armageddon of popular imagination—Paris, London, Berlin gone in a night and an end of civilisation in a week or two. What dramatist would dare at the moment to write a play in which the characters—or even two or three of them—would still be left talking after the next war? No, they must all be blotted out; that much our fears require if we are to enjoy the play. And theatrically, at any rate, the prospect of annihilation gives a fine futility and irony to the scenes of individual drama which precede it. Mr. Sherwood, in *Idiot's Delight*, uses the situation somewhat in the manner of *Petrified Forest;* here the scene is a mountain hotel in Switzerland overlooking three countries, where a group of tourists are caught by the outbreak of war—an English honeymoon couple, a French arms manufacturer and his mistress, an American cabaret troupe on tour. They exchange strained confidences, they "carry on" for a few hours, then the bombs fall. As drama, it is effective and exciting, if not oversubtle. Mr. Louis MacNeice is more ambitious and adds symbolism to the irony of the situation. His characters are puppets of the Auden-Isherwood school, hypnotised by the wireless, barked at by auctioneers and psychoanalysts. Mr. MacNeice leaves out the Communist mottoes, otherwise his charade wears the new school tie. Some of the stage tricks look, on paper, as though they might be amusing; but essentially this play for all its acid jazz is no more subtle than Mr. Sherwood's and only half as effective. Both plays no doubt will be seen in the West End during the coming winter; and, in advance, one is inclined to back Mr. Sherwood.

Tacitus (III and IV), translated by JOHN JACKSON. **Ammianus Marcellinus (II),** translated by J. C. ROLFE. **Aristotle: Problems 22–38,** translated by W. H. HETT and **Rhetorica ad Alexandrum,** translated by H. RACKHAM. **Philo (VII),** translated by F. H. COLSON. *Loeb Classical Library. Heinemann.* 10s. each cloth; 12s. 6d. leather.

Here are five more Loebs. The two volumes of Tacitus contain Books 4 to 6, 11 and 12, and 13 to 16 of the *Annals*; the Ammianus Marcellinus begins with Julian and covers the history of the six years from 360 to 365 A.D. The Philo volume includes the Decalogue and the "Special Laws." Aristotle's "Problems" range over a variety of subjects from fruit to justice, from hot water to complexions, and will provoke modern readers to wonder at his knowledge and to smile at the deficiencies of it. The translations all maintain the standard we have learnt to expect of the Loeb Classics, though Mr. Jackson's Tacitus is rather heavy.

The Problems and Practice of Economic Planning. By RAYMOND BURROWS. *P. S. King.* 10s. 6d.

In this book the author has attempted to give a sketch of most of the various forms of planning in operation since the onslaught of the depression in 1929, in most of the countries of the world, and to bring to bear upon such efforts an attitude of careful, liberal pragmatism. In part one, a section of about seventy pages, there is a simple theoretical account, first of competition and then of various stages by which the competitive system may be modified and finally superseded by wholesale collectivism. In this section a straightforward Marshallian approach is adopted, the author making no attempts to introduce any theoretical innovations of his own. Orthodox economists will disapprove of Mr. Burrows's acceptance of Marshall's producers' and consumers' surplus theories, whilst his emphasis upon the purely academic difficulties of estimating the rate of interest in a collectivist society will baffle or bore the layman as the case may be. The rest of the book, which describes various forms of economic interventionism in practice, is lucid and well balanced. The section on Russia, particularly, is excellent, though that on Japan is perhaps a little weak. With regard to capitalist planning, Mr. Burrows rightly concludes that efficiency may be secured at the expense of all guarantees, other than those implied in the beneficence of ruling interests, that the desires and needs of consumers and workers will be respected. On the other hand, he urges us to make the most of planning and to look upon all experiments, however extreme, with constructive curiosity and sympathy. Mr. Burrows has perhaps crammed too much into a single volume, with the result that many of the descriptive parts of the book are rather brief and congested. But it is a straightforward piece of work, free of all economic quackery, and its sane message will be understood and appreciated by many.

Tyrant of the Andes. By THOMAS ROURKE. *Michael Joseph.* 15s.

For twenty-seven years until 1936 Juan Vicente Gomez was the secure and ruthless ruler of Venezuela, feared to the point of superstition by the natives of that country, immensely admired by foreign tourists and concessionnaires who saw in him nothing more alarming than the firm and ingenuous country gentleman. They, as usual, were unable to distinguish between stability and a general state of terror; and it was not until his death that it became possible to seek for the truth about this shrewd and monstrous South American dictator. Mr. Rourke has put down all he could discover, good and bad, about "the cat fish"—as Gomez was called—and his book is one of the most fascinating pictures of a South American career that has been written. Gomez began as an Indian cattle breeder in the Andean provinces and even at the height of his power preserved the almost affecting and impressive simplicity of the peasant; but these qualities were combined with bare-faced knavery, cunning and cruelty. So, the slightest whisper, a mere joke, meant torture and imprisonment in medieval dungeons, at the hands of Gomez's licensed sadists; there was little direct taxation but there was a multitude of corrupt exactions; the petroleum industry was controlled by most enlightened laws—so managed that what should lawfully have gone to the nation went into the private pockets of Gomez or his family. In the end they had pocketed half of the country's wealth. A rigid censorship prevented the truth from becoming known and Gomez was shrewd enough to see that foreigners who were drawing heavily from the land would readily, almost eagerly, allow themselves to be deceived about the real state of affairs. The beauty of Mr. Rourke's book is that it is on the whole very fair to this extraordinary patriarch and thoroughly explains the conditions which made his rise to power and his great skill in holding it possible. Seated like some dour, close-fisted and lecherous Sultan among his fertile harem in his mountain home, he kept his eye on Caracas—which was too urban and sly-witted for his taste—loaded his servants with wealth and uttered his mean peasant aphorisms. Monstrous as he was, there was

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continued on page 1019

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THE BIG LAGONDAS

THE designing of motor cars does not in the least resemble the dreams of a mechanically minded boy, but is in fact dominated from start to finish by crude commercialism. An innocent romantic might imagine that the great engineer projects a dream car on the screen of his mind, collects his capitalist, and promptly translates his figment into steel. Capitalists seldom finance dreams, and least of all dreams which assume the shape of a new motor car. Before money will look at wash drawings and blue prints and specifications in the motor trade, the dreamer must perform one of two feats. He must convince the financier that he can enter the market at one of its more crowded levels, produce the super car on that stratum, and knock the famous *x* horse-power buzzbox off its perch by marketing a roomier and less buzzy box at *y* pounds less ; or alternatively, he must persuade his plutocrat that somewhere higher up in the list of cars there is a distinct gap waiting to be filled ; that he has a most attractive design ready to fill this gap ; that his car will be at least as attractive as well-known cars catalogued at several hundred pounds more, and corresponding to them in size and performance.

Some such process, I imagine, has been the real progenitor of the 4½-litre Lagonda. It springs from the brain of W. O. Bentley, who engined some of our most famous fighter squadrons in the war with his famous Bentley rotary engine ; and thereafter begot the even more famous Bentley cars, which fell on evil days in the depression, when no man bought engines of eight litres, and the firm's reserves proved unequal to waiting for the prosperity which optimists alleged to be waiting just round the corner. The Rolls-Royce people seized their chance to buy the goodwill of the Bentley cars, and to hire the brains of their creator. But W. O. Bentley thrives better on independence, and not long afterwards he broke away from the Derby works, and the present series of Lagondas are the latest offspring of his brain. The four and a half litre models are all planned to furnish a sound combination of speed, comfort and good manners at a price some £500 below the maximum payable for cars of this size. They are built on three chassis ; one, short and light, intended for extreme speed, and supplied for the Rapide tourer, capable of 60, 80 and 110 miles an hour on its three higher gears ; and two standard chassis, one 9in. longer than the other, intended to carry saloon, drop-head or *coupé de ville* coachwork. Owing to greater weight and increased wind resistance, and (presumably) less super-tuned engines, these models do not reach the very high speeds afforded by the Rapide ; but they are quite as fast as any user of closed cars can desire. I tested the *coupé de ville* model with the long chassis, and at 80 m.p.h. there was no token of fuss whatsoever, if we except that " wind roar " which is not to be eliminated by any current design at really high speeds, even if streamlining may ultimately reduce it to a purr or a whisper. These very high speeds are obtained by the use of a very efficient engine of high compression, coupled with tolerably high gear ratios, whilst the weight of the complete car is kept as low as is consistent with strength and convenience, and wind resistance is minimised by a low build and smooth entry. The student of fast cars will wonder what he forgoes by refusing to pay the additional £500 which is the top price in this particular class, for he sacrifices neither space, nor speed, nor durability. I studied the car hard to find an answer to this question, which is not easily answered. I could pick on nothing, unless it be that when the car is taking up its load from a crawl on the higher gears there is just a suggestion of effort, proceeding apparently from the transmission, and almost imperceptibly communicated to one's rump through the seat cushions, as if an eager engine were tearing at the back axle, and the power just failed to be perfectly smoothed out through the universal joints. Even this tiny flaw can be exorcised by a good driver, who—remembering his high compression and high gear ratios, would take the trouble to snick in a lower gear preparatory to demanding such feats from his engine ; and since the 2nd, 3rd and 4th gears are all synchromeshed, there is no excuse bar sheer laziness for forcing the engine to pick up a ton and a half on a high gear from a mere crawl. For the rest, I have no substantial criticisms to offer, and must descend to trifles. The *coupé de ville* is one of the loveliest cars I have ever seen, premising that I have no fancy for the garish freaks which win coachwork prizes at rallies. Its lines impress me as pluperfect, with never a hitch in any curve or angle ; finished in black, with the narrowest pickout line in primrose, it is superbly handsome, marred only by flared bars on the rubbering of the running boards, which should be as flat and black as they can be. Being low hung, there is no invisible accommodation for the spare wheel, which in its steel case reposes in the old-fashioned place beside the bonnet. It is flanked by an identical but dummy casing on the near side. This dummy houses the tools, the control of the Jackall telescopic jacks, spare plugs, spare bulbs, inspection lamp, and other gadgets. This dummy has no lock, and thieves will soon discover the deficiency, and empty it.

In detail the car bristles with conveniences. A double bulkhead separates engine from driving cockpit, screening both heat and fumes and sound. A tray located high up between these bulkheads, and normally covered by the bonnet, accommodates the batteries, so that topping up can be performed without trouble ; and also a wireless receiver, easy of access for servicing. It is shielded from electrical interference without the use of suppressors on the ignition, fittings which have been known to derange the firing. Chassis lubrication is of the type operated by depressing the clutch pedal. There is reasonable luggage accommodation in the tail of all closed cars. The brakes are adequate for the speed. The suspension is by flattish half-elliptics throughout, controlled by shock absorbers which cope automatically to some extent with variations of load and surface, and are further susceptible to hand control at the rear. The net effect is equal to the most modern Continental torsion bar types, except perhaps on really foul surfaces. Everything is accessible, and the finish inside as well as out suggests a far more expensive vehicle. The fuel consumption is quite good for the performance, but even with a gentle driver can hardly exceed 17 m.p.g. Some people demand a flush floor to their rear cockpit ; on this car there are the shallowest imaginable wells on either side of the propeller-shaft, their depth being perhaps an inch and a half. Like so many items of design, such wells are matters of compromise ; if you exclude them, you get a higher car, a heavier car, more wind resistance, and less stability in fast cornering. It is hard to imagine that anybody could seriously object to such shallow sinking of the flooring. Altogether, the car can claim to rank as amazing value for money.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 379

Set by Frederick Laws

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for a Satire Upon Reviewers, which must not exceed two hundred words and would be better in verse.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 25th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

(Continued from page 1017.)

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JOINT COMMITTEE ON TUTORIAL CLASSES
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The University Council invites applications for the post of Staff Tutor in Adult Education for organising and teaching work in West Cheshire, at a commencing salary of between £350 and £400 per annum, with superannuation benefits.

The appointment will date from September 1st, 1937, and will be for a period of three years and probationary for the first year.

A statement of the duties of the post and of the conditions of the appointment may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications, accompanied by not more than two testimonials and the names of three referees should be addressed before June 29th, 1937.

EDWARD CAREY,
Registrar.

June, 1937.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Philosophy. Salary, £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1937.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before July 7th, 1937.

EDWIN DREW, Registrar.

Singleton Park, Swansea.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF PADDINGTON

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The Council invite APPLICATIONS for the appointment of a BRANCH LIBRARIAN (MALE) at the Public Libraries, at a salary of £215 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10 per annum to £265 per annum. Candidates must be not less than 24 nor more than 30 years of age, and must be Fellows of the Library Association. Previous Public Library service is essential. The candidate selected will be required to produce a certificate of birth, pass an examination by the Council's Medical Examiner, devote the whole of his time to the duties of his office, and contribute to the Council's Superannuation scheme. Application must be made on the official form, which will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, and be delivered here with copies of not more than three recent testimonials not later than the first post on Wednesday, June 30th, 1937.

Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will disqualify.

Town Hall,
Paddington, W.2.

W. F. ABBISS,
Town Clerk.

15th June, 1937.

PART-TIME Science teacher required for Sept. in small modern school. Able to teach German—German or British nationality. Man preferred. Box 827, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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OWING to the steady increase of Classified Advertisements the Advertisement Manager regrets that it is no longer practical to accept telephone dictations on Wednesdays. Exception will be made only in cases of genuine urgency. Advertisers can materially help the Department by sending their instructions as early in the week as possible, and never later than first post Wednesday morning.

The Advertisement Manager,
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

IMPORTANT BOOKS BY SYLVIA PANKHURST: "The Suffragette Movement." Lovat Dickson, 38 Bedford Street, W.C.2. 7*s.* 6*d.* The authentic history of the movement, fully illustrated.

"The Life of Emmeline Pankhurst." Werner Laurie, 24 Water Lane, E.C.4. 3*s.* 6*d.*

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GERMAN TUITION. Young graduate with Oxford and German degrees gives private German lessons (Conversation, Language, Literature). Write R. S., 6 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 377

Set by T. W. Earp

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best lists of six popular fallacies, e.g., that the laws of cricket correspond with those of moral integrity, or the elephant never forgets.

Report by T. W. Earp

A possible defect in this competition was perceived by R. C. Owen, who headed his list with a fallacy of fallacies—" That fallacy means false information." Outside logic, the term is vague in definition, and in spite of the examples offered, many competitors did not gauge the kind of entry requested. Lamb, by quibbling proverbs into popular fallacies, also aided misdirection. Sir Thomas Browne was the better pointer ; perhaps " Vulgar and common errors " would have been a better demand. Yet something less particular than the pseudodoxical mistakes in fact was hoped for—rather the sort of faulty notion that is rooted in mass-psychology. D. M. Bell got towards this with a catalogue of advertising slogans ; Croft was still nearer with such Coronation-crowd observations as " That the answer to the question 'Are we down-hearted ?' is 'No !' " Other good " Thats " were—" The fox likes being hunted " ; " Lack of musical taste goes with moral obliquity " ; " Domestic animals are the most reliable judges of character " ; " Business girls make bad wives " ; " To be a Welshman is to be a good singer " ; " A gardening bore is not a bore " ; " Schooldays are the best part of life " ; " It is always raining in Manchester " ; and " There is something essentially funny about Wigan Pier." Pertinent too, though stretching even vague definition rather too far, were certain catch-phrases—" Inferiority complex," " Father Christmas," " Nudism," " Industrial art," and " Beauty-parlour." But ruled out were a large number of lists containing the principles of various political parties, obviously compiled by their opponents. Had the decision gone by vote, the winning list would be composed of these very popular entries : that—" A cat can see in the dark " ; " The camera never lies " ; " A hairy chest denotes strength " ; " Carrying a potato cures rheumatism " ; " Beer is best " ; and " Dick Turpin rode to York." As it is, the first prize goes to E. McNeill-Moss's generalities, and the second to R. R. Tatlock's particularities.

FIRST PRIZE

SIX POPULAR FALLACIES

1. Youth is the happiest period of life.
2. It pays to be honest.
3. The French are a gay and flighty people.
4. Aristocrats have good manners.
5. Real artists are indifferent to money.
6. The morals of the countryside are purer than those of the city.

E. McNEILL-MOSS

SECOND PRIZE

1. Stars are visible to the naked eye in daylight from the bottom of a tall chimney.
2. Darwin stated that men are descended from monkeys.
3. Orange (" amber ") light penetrates fog better than light of other colours, or than white light.
4. The " phosphorescence " seen on dead fish is due to the presence of phosphorus.
5. Mont Blanc is in Switzerland.
6. " Mummy Wheat " found in the Pyramids of Egypt has been made to germinate.

R. R. TATLOCK

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 233.—THE BLIMP BOOK CLUB

By Norman C. MacIver

(" I do not," writes Mr. MacIver, " consider this problem very difficult, but it strikes a topical note. . . ." It should certainly appeal to those who, like myself, have followed recent correspondence with much interest.—CALIBAN.)

The local bookseller is an agent for the Blimp Book Club, and as such, supplies Messrs. Robertson, Horrabin, Bain, Coleridge, Carnegie, Alexander, Shaftesbury, Chamberlain, Brougham, and Lucas. The B.B.C. is not unlike its better-known contemporaries. It insists that each member buy the Book of the Month at 2*s.* 6*d.* ; this done, they can purchase at random from " additional " books at 2*s.* 6*d.*, " topical " books at 1*s.* 6*d.*, " supplementary " books at 1*s.*, and " educational " books at 6*d.* An examination of his, i.e., the bookseller's, sales has brought to light the interesting fact that each customer buys as many books monthly as he has consonants in his name, at a cost in shillings equal to twice the number of vowels. Thus, Mr. Coleridge buys five books, and pays eight shillings for them ; incidentally, he, i.e., Mr. Coleridge, makes a point of buying one of each series. Neither Mr. Alexander, Mr. Horrabin nor Mr. Chamberlain buy " topical " books. Each month, the bookseller has to supply ten " supplementary " books.

To what extent does Mr. Robertson subscribe to the " educational " series ?

PROBLEM 229, HITT AND MISS ; *and* PROBLEM 231, THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

By the Rt. Hon. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P.

The following is the composer's solution of these two fascinating problems.

Let Hitt's chance of winning a stroke be x, and Miss's chance y.

So that $x + y = 1$ and $1 - 2xy = x^2 + y^2$. Then at 30 all or at deuce H's chance of winning the game is $\frac{x^2}{1 - 2xy}$.

Then :

To reach the score :		*In a level match, after 4 strokes the score is—*	*When H is giving M 15, after 3 strokes the score is—*
H	M		
game	—	x^4	0
40	15	$4x^3y$	x^3
30	30	$6x^2y^2$	$3x^2y$
15	40	$4xy^3$	$3xy^2$
—	game	y^4	y^3

When the score is 40—15 the chance that H wins the game is

$$x + xy + \frac{x^2y^2}{1 - 2xy}$$

When the score is 15—40 the chance that H wins the game is $\frac{x^4}{1 - 2xy}$

$\therefore$ The chance that H will win a level game is

$$x^4(1 + 4y + 4y^2) + \frac{x^4y^2}{1 - 2xy}(4xy + 6 + 4xy) = x^4(1 + 4y) + \frac{10x^4y^4}{1 - 2xy}$$

The chance that H will win a handicap game is

$$x^4(1 + y) + \frac{x^4y}{1 - 2xy}(xy + 3 + 3xy) = x^5 + \frac{5x^4y}{1 + 2xy}$$

Since the handicap is almost perfect

$$x^5 + \frac{5x^4y}{1 - 2xy} = \text{approximately } \frac{1}{2}$$

This gives $x =$ almost exactly $\frac{17}{30}$

And as a result $x^4(1 + 4y) + \frac{10x^4y^2}{1 - 2xy} = \frac{2}{3}$ approximately.

The quickest way to solve these two equations is to put $x = \frac{1 + W}{2}$, $y = \frac{1 - W}{2}$. W is evidently fairly small.

$$x^5 + \frac{5x^4y}{1 - 2xy} = \frac{1}{32}\left[(1 + W)^5 + 5\frac{(1 + W)^3(1 - W)^2}{\frac{1 + W^2}{2}}\right. = \frac{1}{32}$$

$$1 + 5W + 10W^2 + 10W^3 + \dots + 10(1 + 3W + W^2 - 40W^3 \dots)$$
$$= \frac{1}{32}[11 + 35W + 20W^2 - 40W^3 \dots]$$
$$\therefore \quad 7W + 4W^2 - 8W^3 = 1 \text{ approx.}$$

and $W = \frac{2}{15}$ approx. $= \frac{8}{60}$ approx.

$$\text{and } \left. x^4(1 + 4y) + \frac{10x^4y^2}{1 - 2xy}\right] = \frac{1}{16}[(1 + W)^4 + 2(1 + W)^3(1 - W)^2 +$$
$$5\frac{(1 + W)^2(1 - W^2)^2}{1 + W^2} = \frac{1}{16}[8 + 20W + 6W^3 \dots]$$

So that when $W = \frac{2}{3}$ Hitt's chance to win a game is $\frac{1}{2}(1 + \frac{1}{3})$ approx.

$\therefore$ *the probable score in a level set is* 6—3 [*Problem* 231].

And in the handicap out of 120 *strokes* H *will win* 68 *and* M 52 [*Problem* 229].

PROBLEM 230.—THE UNIVERSITY OF UTOPIA

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : R. Saunders, 50 Hartington Street, Chester. *Four* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

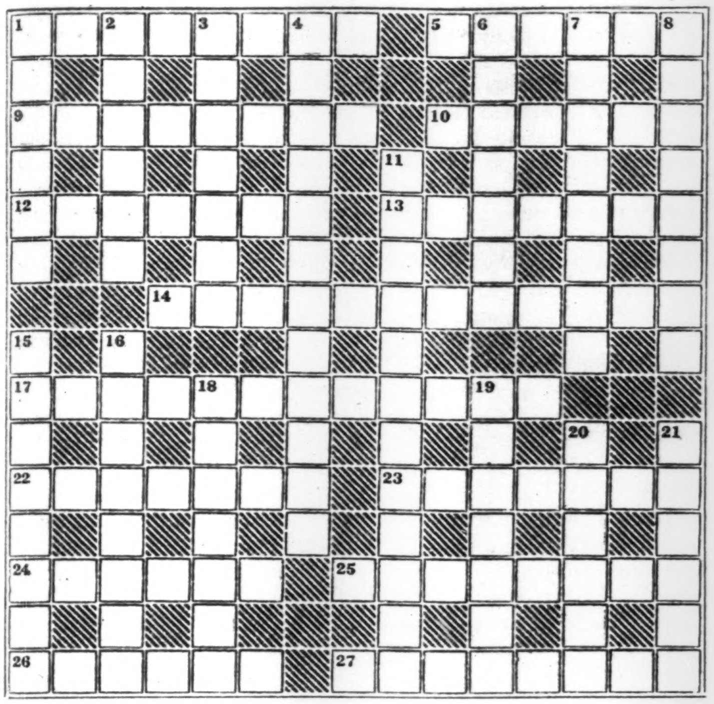
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 380

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mr. W. Eite, 92 Dalston Road, Carlisle

ACROSS

1. Noticeably prevents one from taking the right line and going straight.

5. Double account one A.

9. Feline and canine descent.

10. Drink, pussy, drink?

12. Damn rot in variety.

13. How the poor fish would naturally feel if not in the swim.

14. What one owes the bookmaker after the race at Aintree?

17. The owner goes to bits.

22. The hero takes his gun to pieces.

23. Greater chartered accountant.

24. Thin way to describe the furs.

25. Many of them were War Offices.

26. Tried to play in a cricket match?

27. The very dickens of a preacher.

DOWN

1. Alma joined it as an artist.

2. They wield their blades in a moving way.

3. Capitalised in Buenos Aires.

4. Do they play as people write?

6. Let up on the gossip.

7. Extreme sign of fright.

8. Consuming desire.

11. Shop assistants' musical composition?

15. People who feel sore about things perhaps

16. The Count of Covadonga used to have this principality.

18. Possibly make more worthy as it were.

19. Need it be disturbed by pleasure?

20. Indian Prince who had a godly charioteer.

21. Talked ethereally perhaps.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

R	A	F	T	S	■	C	A	P	A	R	I	S	O	N
E	■	I	■	O	■	O	■	O	■	O	■	P	■	E
F	O	R	M	F	O	U	R	S	■	C	L	A	P	S
E	■	E	■	T	■	N	■	T	■	K	■	H	■	T
R	E	A	L	■	S	T	O	C	K	S	T	I	L	L
■	■	L	■	P	■	S	■	A	■	N	■	■	■	I
S	T	A	I	R	S	■	C	R	E	A	T	I	O	N
A	■	R	■	E	■	P	■	D	■	K	■	N	■	G
C	A	M	P	F	I	R	E	■	B	E	R	T	H	S
R	■	■	■	E	■	E	■	B	■	S	■	E	■	■
I	N	T	E	R	E	S	T	E	D	■	C	R	A	B
S	■	O	■	E	■	I	■	L	■	O	■	V	■	E
T	I	T	A	N	■	D	W	I	N	D	L	I	N	G
A	■	E	■	C	■	I	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	I
N	U	M	B	E	R	O	F	F	■	C	O	W	A	N

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

THE MARKET REACTIONS—SLUMP AHEAD ?—WALL STREET—THE FRANC

It is putting it mildly to say that nerves in the City have been shattered by the persistent fall in commodity and security prices. What should have been the normal correction of a too violent rise is developing into a somewhat dangerous debacle. Rarely has confidence been so quickly shattered, but rarely has there been such a quick succession of disturbing news. First Mr. Roosevelt's remark in April that prices of durable goods were too high; then the first gold scare; then Mr. Chamberlain's excess profits tax which was prolonged with obstinate misjudgment far too long; then a second gold scare; then worse strikes in America; then a third gold scare; then another crisis in France; then a fourth gold scare, and so on, the news being punctuated by various failures on the Stock Exchange. The collapse in security values is here illustrated.

Gold and Metal Shares :	Present Price.		% Fall.
Anglo-American Corp. of S.A. ..	$5\frac{7}{8}$	$2\frac{7}{8}$	51.1
Union Corporation	$11\frac{5}{16}$	$7\frac{5}{8}$	32.6
Rhokana	19	$12\frac{3}{4}$	32.9
Zinc Corporation	$7\frac{7}{32}$	$4\frac{7}{8}$	32.5
Industrial Shares :			
Imperial Tobacco	$9\frac{5}{32}$	$7\frac{5}{8}$	16.7
Turner and Newall	112/6	87/6	22.2
Associated Portland Cement ..	110/-	88/9	19.3
Vickers	39/3	27/9	29.3
John Brown	44/-	34/-	22.7
North Metropolitan Electric ..	56/6	46/3	18.1
Baldwins	13/3	9/3	30.2

This debacle has moved certain investors to indignant protests. "In support of our theory that there is nothing on earth in the animal world so blind, so vacillating and so unreasonable as man, let us take a walk down Mincing Lane, going a little further afield into the banking and financial world. What an appalling and depressing spectacle—thousands and thousands of reputedly sane men turned into a frightened huddle of dithering sheep." This quotation does not come from a Socialist manifesto, but from the market letter of a firm of commodity dealers. It is said that the Stock Exchange knows the price of everything but the value of nothing, but does the Stock Exchange slump foreshadow untoward developments of even wider social importance?

* * *

The question arises whether depreciation of stock-market values on this scale is likely to have any important bearing on the trade cycle. Six months ago the City was thinking in terms of prospective boom conditions stretching ahead until 1940, at least. To-day discussion is inclined to turn on the choice of 1938 or 1939 as the first year of renewed depression. Some pessimists, in fact, are arguing that the peak of Britain's economic recovery is already past, and that signs of a downward trend in the cycle will become apparent next autumn. Leaving psychology for the moment out of account, this seems an absurdly black picture of the situation. There are at least two years, if not three, of *maximum* rearmament expenditure ahead of us; practically all the indices of industrial activity are still rising; the May figures of export trade were by no means unsatisfactory; and in its revised form the Defence Tax is unlikely to make serious inroads into expanding profits. In the current issue of *Lloyd's Bank Monthly Review*, Mr. H. D. Henderson expresses the opinion that public works schemes should be planned and prepared at once, so that they may be launched as soon as a major business recession develops. He is uneasy with regard to the future, when the rearmament programme is nearing completion, and rightly argues that budgetary equilibrium, no less than the long-run maintenance of optimum economic activity, will probably require in this country a moderate increase in the level of prices and money incomes. But he sees little danger of an early or general setback. On the whole, I agree; but I should endorse this cautiously optimistic reading of the situation with greater confidence if I did not feel doubts lest, in the present state of psychological world unease, a continuance of declining equity values on the Stock Exchange may react adversely on economic activity and accelerate the onset of industrial slump. It is arguable, admittedly, that stock-market movements simply anticipate more or less correctly future events and are not in themselves a causative factor. But, apart from the fact that a combination of cash losses by speculators and depreciation of investment values is already visibly curtailing consumption of luxury and semi-luxury goods, the possibility must not be overlooked that a protracted decline in stock-market prices begins by paralysing speculation, but may ultimately end by checking all capital investment. That point has not yet been reached, but the possibility should be kept in mind when the chances of an early slump are being estimated. The same problem confronts the United States.

* * *

The further fall in Wall Street has confounded the chart-readers and market soothsayers. At the beginning of April, Major Angas was urging the American investor to "be bold, borrow and buy." Cyclical, technical and monetary conditions of the market, he said, were highly favourable; only public sentiment was unfavourable. Unfortunately it is public sentiment (or confidence) which cannot be dragooned by gallant majors. What he regarded as a purely technical market reaction (similar to the one in April, 1936) has now lengthened into a reaction typifying a minor business recession similar to the one in 1926. And if it goes much further everyone will be asking whether it foreshadows the more extensive business recession (similar to 1923) which General Dawes has prophesied, in the best Old Moore Almanac style, as certain to begin in the summer or fall of 1939 and to last one or two years. Here are the Dow Jones averages which illustrate the problem:

	1936 Technical Reaction.			1937 " Puzzle " Reaction.		
	April 6th.	April 29th.	% Fall.	High.	June 14th.	% Fall.
30 Industrials ..	162.0	143.6	11.3	194.4 (*a*)	165.5	14.9
20 Rails ..	51.3	42.3	17.5	64.5 (*b*)	53.7	16.7
20 Utilities ..	33.8	28.6	15.4	37.5 (*c*)	25.9	30.9

(*a*) March 10th; (*b*) March 17th; (*c*) January 13th.

It appears to be generally agreed among the chart-readers that if the present reaction typifies only a minor business recession it should not go much further—say to 160 for industrials, and that if it typifies a more extensive trade decline it might drop to about 150 for industrials. Below that figure it would begin to look "cyclically dangerous," that is, it might foreshadow a cyclical down-trend or the end of the recent world recovery. But on the whole I regard a cyclical down-trend in America as improbable.

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M. Blum has won the first round in his contest with Parliament. The Senate may prove more intractable than the Chamber in the matter of temporary government by decree, and even if the Premier is accorded the emergency powers which he seeks, it still remains to be seen how far the promised programme of fiscal reform will succeed in "saving the franc." His immediate problem is to restrain the flight of capital from France. During the past ten days sales of francs against dollars and pounds have probably averaged at least £5 millions a day. Thanks to heavy purchases of francs by the British Exchange Equalisation Account and the Bank of France, the "spot" rate has been held at fractionally under 111, but the discount for three months' forward delivery has been as high as 6½ francs. Thus it is possible for French banks and private capitalists to net enormous profits by buying sterling "spot" and selling it "forward." What steps M. Blum can take effectively to stop speculative sales of francs it is difficult to see. The establishment of exchange control would be a retrograde move and a temporary and delusive palliative in any case. To restore confidence among holders of expatriated funds he must somehow deal with the budgetary position. Apart from any question of repaying the sterling credit which expires next December or redeeming the Treasury Bonds which fall due in October, the needs of the Treasury this year are at least £200 millions, and the prospective 1938 deficit, thanks largely to the bill for rearmament, is of the order of £500 millions. Profits on further franc devaluation up to the authorised limit may be utilised to bridge part of the gap, but it is improbable that tax revenue can be screwed up sufficiently to balance the Budget even by 1939 unless economic recovery in France, at present halting and patchy, makes further progress. If capital refuses to co-operate, the temptation to resort to further currency depreciation is bound to be strong. Yet, just because of the obvious strength of that temptation, French capital is naturally in flight. A thoroughly vicious circle is thus established, difficult to break even by emergency powers. The slight narrowing, to 4½, in the discount on forward francs after the Chamber vote is a slender basis for hopes that the worst of the storm is over. Unless he is to abandon much of his Popular Front social legislation, M. Blum seems likely to be compelled to move in the direction of State control of banking.

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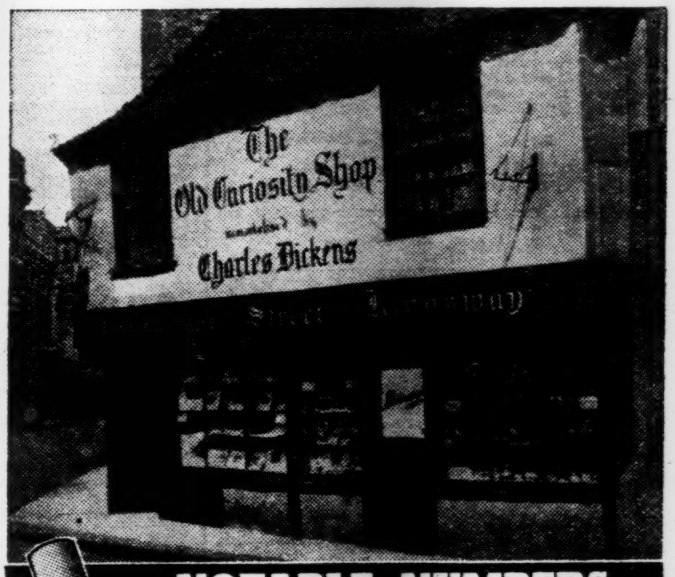

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